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WHO KILLED CARTER?

Or,

The Mystery of Vancluse Hall.

By EMMA HOWARD WIGHT.

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CHAPTER I.

THE LOVE OF MARTIN LUDWIN.

The large white house stood upon a hill and was surrounded by beautiful and extensive grounds. This fair mansion was at a very respectable distance from the noisy, dirty, manufacturing town of Leamington. Martin Ludwin, millionaire and owner of the Leamington woolen mills, had taken excellent care of that. He knew only too well that his beautiful, dainty, patrician wife, the daughter of a blue-blooded old Virginian whom the war had utterly impoverished, had married him (Martin Ludwin) self-made, uncultured plebeian twenty years her senior for his wealth alone. And he was equally certain that it would have repelled, disgusted her, offended her fastidiousness, to live within sight of the grimy buildings from which that wealth was derived.

So Martin Ludwin had built a beautiful home for his lovely, golden-haired, aristocratic young wife, a good two miles from crude Leamington. He had called the place Vancluse after the old plantation down in Virginia which had been the home of his wife. The building and furnishing of beautiful Vancluse had been a time of exquisite happiness to Martin Ludwin. But much of the joy died from his heart as he watched the weary indifference upon the pale, beautiful face of his bride as she entered the palatial home upon which so much care, thought and immense amount of money had been expended.

While he never deceived himself with the belief that she loved him, Martin Ludwin, plebeian to the finger tips, possessed too much good practical sense to have married the beautiful Virginian had he been aware of the fact that she was in love with a young southerner, whose home adjoined hers and whose blood was as blue and whose poverty was as bitter and uncompromising as her own. It was this love for another which filled with bitter pain, borne in proud silence, the life of Martin Ludwin's young wife. Then, one day, the truth came to Martin Ludwin and in that moment the hope that by his patience, his gentleness, his great love he might in time win the heart of his wife, died forever.

Clyde Warrington, the young Virginian, was fresh enough in his recklessness and pain to seek the woman he loved right in her home. They met one night in the beautiful grounds of Vancluse. A lovely, warm, moonlit night in early June, when the air was heavy with the perfume of countless roses.

Martin Ludwin was standing by the one of the low French windows in the dining room, finishing his cigar, when he saw the graceful, white-robed form of his wife gliding over the moonlit lawn. The sight of her bare arms gleaming in the white moonlight, caused him to catch up a light wrap from a chair, spring through the window and follow her.

But Mrs. Ludwin moved rapidly. Her husband wondered a little what lent such swiftness to her usually languid movements. He did not overtake her until she had reached a rose-embowered summer-house some distance from the house. And as he reached the door he saw his wife clasped in the arms of a handsome young man who had been evidently awaiting her and realized that it was a rendezvous.

Martin Ludwin stood, for some moments, motionless, with the murmur of the lovers' passionate greeting in his ears; that greeting which told him at least one fact, that this was the first time they had met since Mrs. Ludwin's marriage.

The sight of his wife's beautiful bare arms about the young man's neck aroused Martin Ludwin from the dull apathy which had, for the time, usurped his senses. He moved forward and spoke her name, not harshly, not angrily, but very reproachfully, but with an infinite sadness.

The lovers started apart and turned toward him with blanched faces. Then, while the woman cowered down and covered her face with her hands, the young man drew himself erect, folded his arms across his breast, looked quietly into Martin Ludwin's face and waited.

For some moments Martin Ludwin regarded him intently, steadily. The moonlight, struggling in through the roses, shone upon the straight, elegant young form and handsome patrician face. A picture of himself, plain, awkward, plebeian in face and figure, arose before Martin Ludwin and a bitter smile parted his lips. How could he find any blame in his heart for his wife? Youth turns to youth, beauty to beauty as the sunflower turns its face ever to the sun.

Then Martin Ludwin spoke, pointing at the same time to the house, his eyes still fixed upon the young southerner.

"Go!" he said.

The southerner started, hesitated, then made an involuntary movement toward Mrs. Ludwin's drooping form. Her husband stepped quickly between them.

"If you have any consideration for the good name of this woman," he said; "if you would shield her from all shadow of shame or reproach, go at once, go in silence."

A quiver of agony passed over the young man's face. Then, with one yearning, despairing look at Mrs. Ludwin, whose face was still hidden by her hands, he turned and rushed from the summer-house.

Martin Ludwin approached his wife and laid about her shoulders the wraps he had brought.

"Come," he said, gently.

She lifted her face and stared at him wonderingly. The sight of that lovely face, so white, so changed, so shamed, the blue eyes gazing at him with a mingled expression of bewilderment, fear and aversion, brought to Martin Ludwin the sharpest agony he had ever known.

"Child," he said gently, "don't look at me like that. You have no reason to fear me. I have no words of reproach for you, for I am more culpable than yourself. I have been guilty of the folly of making you my wife when I knew you had no love for me. That was where I erred; that was my fatal mistake. But what I did not know, my poor child, was that you loved another. Had I been aware of that, much as I loved you, I would never have married you."

At his feet lay the form of a man.

His gentleness, his patience, his forbearance touched and moved her. She bowed her head and burst into passionate weeping.

"Don't do that, my dear," he said. "Listen to me, Leslie; let us understand each other now, and then never refer to this painful subject again. You know we have not ourselves alone to consider, but the future of our unborn child. God knows I would spare you, so far as lies in my power, all future suffering. If you will give me your promise that from this time forth you will hold no intercourse whatever with this young man whom you love, all that has taken place tonight shall rest in silence between us. Will you give me this promise, Leslie—for the sake of your child?"

"Yes, yes, I promise," she murmured, brokenly. "I never meant to do you wrong, but I have loved Clyde Warrington for years.

We were brought up together. I cannot remember when he was not my ideal of all that is noble, handsome, chivalrous. When he wrote and implored me to meet him only once before he went away to California I had not the strength to refuse."

"I understand," said Martin Ludwin, gently. "I did hope that one day you might grow to care for me," he continued, "but that is all over now. I only ask that you trust me, look upon me as your friend, your brother, if you will. Now come, let us return to the house."

Side by side in the moonlight, through the fragrance and dewy warmth of the beautiful night, husband and wife returned to the white house, gleaming in the moonshine, all the beauty and sumptuousness of which were powerless to bring even one throb of satisfaction to either.

At the foot of the richly-carpeted stairway Martin Ludwin paused.

"Good-night," he said. "Try to sleep, try to rest."

She went by him in silence. He stood watching her as she slowly and wearily ascended the stairs, the soft light, shining through tinted globes, falling athwart the gold of her hair and giving false color to the pallor of her lovely face. Then he turned, went along the hall and entered his smoking-room. And a deadly faintness suddenly seized him, produced by an agonized convulsion of the muscles of the heart. He had had such attacks, following upon excitement or agitation before.

The next day Martin Ludwin went to the city and consulted a specialist in diseases of the heart. He was not surprised when the physician informed him that he had organic disease of the heart.

"You may live to be an old man, Mr. Ludwin," added the physician, gravely. "But I must also warn you that you are liable to die at any time."

"I understand," answered Martin Ludwin,

quietly. "I was not unprepared for what you have told me."

He paid the physician his fee and went direct from his office to that of his lawyer, Martin Ludwin, and a vast amount of sturdy justice and a keen sense of right. He was keen, in case of his death, that his wife would marry the man she loved. So he made a new will, and, while his wife was most generously provided for and given a life estate in Vanclusse, neither her second husband nor any children born of a second marriage would come in for any of the money Martin Ludwin had accumulated.

Some months later, as the summer waned, a child was born at Vanclusse. His father, he was a week old when Martin Ludwin, was found dead in his library. He had died as the physician warned him he was probable.

One year after the death of her husband, Mrs. Ludwin married Clyde Warrington, and departed immediately for Europe, the bride leaving her year-old child at Vanclusse. She had never evinced much affection for the child of Martin Ludwin, and now maternal love seemed all swallowed up in her passionate love for her young husband.

Two years passed, and one day there returned to Vanclusse a white-faced, grief-stricken woman and a little, sunny-haired, blue-eyed, laughing child. The young husband, so passionately adored, lay in his grave under the blue Italian skies. Just as they were upon the point of returning to America he had been stricken down with fever, and in a few days was dead.

The young wife's grief was so despairing, so intense, that for a time she lay ill unto death. It was her love for Clyde Warrington and which gave her strength to struggle back from the banks of the dark river.

As she entered the wide door of Vanclusse, followed by a French nurse, bearing in her arms a beautiful, golden-haired baby and a middle-aged, respectable-looking woman came forward to meet her, followed by the big, sturdy, dark-eyed little fellow who stared up wonderingly at the fair-faced, sad-eyed woman in somber black and heavy crape.

"I—I am glad indeed to welcome you home again, madam," the woman said, tactfully awed by the ravages grief had wrought in the fair face she had last looked upon with such happiness. "This is Master Maxwell," she added, drawing the child forward.

Mrs. Warrington stooped and kissed coldly the small face upturned so wonderingly to hers. A smile lighted up the child's dark face. He put up his hand and touched her cheek.

"Is a pretty lady," he cried. "Nice lady, too."

Mrs. Warrington turned abruptly away. The dark eyes of the child were very like Martin Ludwin's.

But from that moment little Maxwell loved devotedly the mother, who, for two years, had almost forgotten that he existed. For a few months a large boy before he awoke to the fact that the mother he had loved with all affection for him, that all her love was centered upon his beautiful, golden-haired half-brother.

This knowledge almost broke the boy's heart, but he lubricked from his nature all trace of too much self-control and the power of repressing and concealing his faces, and, young as he was, no one guessed the suffering such a knowledge brought him. But the love for his beautiful mother did not grow less; on the contrary, it strengthened with his strength, and grew with his growth. It seemed as though Martin Ludwin's love for his wife had been transmitted to the child in all its gentleness and unselfishness.

The two children were as strikingly dissimilar in disposition as they were in appearance. And Mrs. Warrington was alike blind to the faults of her youngest son and the sterling qualities of her elder.

CHAPTER II.

LESLIE.

Twenty-two years have passed since Martin Ludwin brought his wife as bride to Vanclusse.

Upon a morning in September Mrs. Warrington sat in her room with an open letter in her hand and a very thoughtful look in her eyes. She never had very gently read Leslie Warrington; at thirty-six years of age she was still a very beautiful woman.

The door opened and a very handsome boy, about nineteen years of age, entered. Mrs. Warrington looked up with a softening of her face which spoke of infinite love. Young Clyde Warrington was very like his father both in face and figure.

"What is the matter, mother mine?" he asked, carelessly, as he threw himself gracefully into a chair beside her. "You have a letter which has caused grave over it, I see."

"Do I?" she murmured with a smile, as he leaned forward and with fingers tipped with his curling, gold-colored hair. Then she leaned back in her chair, adding: "I am a little perplexed over a letter I received this morning."

"What's it all about?" asked Clyde, resting his handsome head against the blue silk cushions of the chair.

"In order to make you understand, I must go back to the time when I was a young girl," answered Mrs. Warrington. "I was educated at a fashionable seminary at Staunton, and during the last three years of my schooldays my roommate and dearest girl friend was a girl from Sicily, Miss Maxwell. Her name was Violetta Malatesta, both her father and mother being of Italian descent. Violetta was very pretty, and very much attached to me, as indeed I was to her. All the holidays she spent with me at Vanclusse in Virginia. Then we parted, both left school Violetta went to Italy with her parents and after a time I had a letter, my first marriage, correspondence between us gradually ceased. Her letter (addressed to Mrs. Martin Ludwin), is from a lawyer in New York. It appears that Violetta married an American and returned to America to live. This letter informs me that Mrs. Violetta Sydney, née Violetta Malatesta, is dead and has left her only child, a girl fifteen years of age, named Leslie after myself, to my guardianship. The lawyer goes on to say that the child's father is some years dead, and that she has no living relations; also that she has enough money to lift her above dependence. But here, Clyde, read the letter for yourself." Clyde shook his head with a laugh.

"What's the use, mother, after you've told me all that is in it?" he replied. "So we shall have a raw schoolgirl sticking up her residence at Vanclusse. I wonder if she's pretty; she ought to be, since she's your namesake, mother," and Mrs. Warrington flushed at the boy's flattery.

"Her mother was very pretty in a peculiarly Italian style," she said. "But the girl is half American."

"When will she arrive?" asked Clyde, carelessly.

"The lawyer writes that if I consent to accept the guardianship of the girl, and I cannot well refuse, he will send her to me immediately," answered Mrs. Warrington. "He has some friends coming as far as Chicago, and will see there the girl can come on also."

"I wonder how old Maxwell will like the idea of a girl coming to mine at Vanclusse," said Clyde, with a smile.

At that moment the door opened and Maxwell Ludwin entered. The young man looked older than his twenty-one years. He was tall and well made—indeed, the brothers were very much alike in figure, though Maxwell lacked the languid elegance of Clyde, being quick and strong in all his movements. In feature Maxwell was strongly reminded his father.

"I am going to town, mother," he said; "can I do anything for you?"

"No, I believe not," she replied, then, as he was about to turn away, she handed him the letter. "Read it, Maxwell. You gain much older than his twenty-one years. He was tall and well made—indeed, the brothers were very much alike in figure, though Maxwell lacked the languid elegance of Clyde, being quick and strong in all his movements. In feature Maxwell strongly resembled

Who Killed Carter?

(Continued.)

"How lovely you are, Leslie!" she said.

Leslie laughed happily. Never before had she been so glad that she was beautiful.

"Neither Maxwell nor Clyde is down yet," said Mrs. Warrington, "and," with a glance at the pearl and enameled clock on the mantel, "dinner will be served in ten minutes. They both have just returned a little while ago from Leamington."

"Why, Maxwell came in before I did," exclaimed Leslie.

"I think you must be mistaken, my dear," replied Mrs. Warrington. "I heard you when you went into your room. My maid saw Maxwell when he came in, and it was fully half an hour later."

Leslie's fair face wore a puzzled expression. Where had Maxwell gone after that encounter at the gate if he had not come to the house? Then thinking that, perhaps, the maid had made a mistake, she dismissed the subject from her mind.

Just as the butler announced dinner, Maxwell entered. He looked rather pale, and he was evidently abstracted.

"Where is Clyde?" he asked, when they were seated at table.

"He has not come down yet," answered Mrs. Warrington. "He only returned from Leamington about ten minutes ago. I met him as I was coming down."

Maxwell said no more, and silence followed, broken at last by Mrs. Warrington inquiring how he had found Abrams.

Maxwell looked up with a slight start as she spoke. His per-occupation was so evident Leslie looked at him somewhat curiously.

"Oh, he is about the same," he replied.

At that moment Clyde entered.

"You are late, dear," said his mother. "What caused you to remain so long in Leamington?"

"Oh, I—I hardly know," was the reply, and there was something in his voice which caused Leslie to lift her eyes and look at him. The mellow lights fell full upon his face, and Leslie was startled by its pallor. Maxwell was also regarding his brother with a strange, stern look. Clyde's deportment during dinner was odd. He ate hardly anything at all, but he drank wine until the color came back to his face, and then he turned his eyes for the first time upon Leslie. For some moments he drank in hungrily, passionately, the girl's loveliness, then his eyes fell and he studiously avoided looking at her during the remainder of the meal.

Upon returning to the drawing-room Leslie drew forward a hassock and sat down at Mrs. Warrington's feet. Mrs. Warrington smoothed caressingly the girl's silken hair as the lovely head rested against her knee. She was very fond of Leslie and it was the greatest desire of her life for Clyde and the girl to marry.

Leslie did not feel inclined to talk. Her heart was beating quickly and her pulses throbbed. She dreaded and yet longed for Clyde's coming. She never had the slightest doubt but that he would ask her to be his wife—that he would do so that night.

She caught her breath quickly as the door opened and some one came toward them down the long rooms.

"Maxwell where is Clyde?" asked Mrs. Warrington.

"He has gone to his room," was the reply. "He has a headache and will not be down again this evening."

Leslie sat quite still, with downcast eyes. The flush had died away from her cheeks, her heart throbbed sickeningly with disappointment and a curious feeling of humiliation. The memory of that kiss, those passionate words, stung and angered her.

She arose, walked to one of the windows, and, putting aside its lace and silk drapery, looked out into the night. The girl felt oppressed by the warmth and light of the room. She pushed open the window and passed out upon the terrace. The cool air seemed to refresh her. She did not know how long she had been standing there when Maxwell stepped through the window to her side.

"Leslie, you must not remain out there in that thin dress. It is very imprudent," he said.

"Yes, I will go in," she replied, mechanically, and entered the drawing room.

Maxwell did not immediately follow her. He stood gazing out into the shadows of the night, and there was a look of passionate unrest upon his face.

CHAPTER V.

WAS IT MURDER OR ACCIDENT?

About half a mile from Vancluse, towards Leamington, the road ran, for fifty yards or so, along a steep embankment. There was a sheer descent of about thirty feet to a sort of rocky gulch through which ran the tracks of the Illinois Central railroad.

Early upon the morning following the events recorded in the last chapter, the track-walker discovered the body of a man lying near the track. He had evidently fallen from the embankment above, striking his head upon a rock. The force of the collision had fractured his skull, killing him instantly.

The track-walker had no difficulty in whatever in recognizing the man. He was Edward Carter, superintendent of the Leamington Woolen Mills.

This highly fascinating story will be brought to a conclusion in next week's Ledger. Readers desiring to subscribe are respectfully invited to note the cameras and patterns that are given free to all patrons as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

HIS AMANUENSIS.

It sounds like a platitude, but there is little doubt you can obtain what you wish by advertising. Recently I desired an amanuensis, and I advertised in a daily paper, simply announcing that I desired a young lady for the post, and would prefer one with a knowledge of music. I did not count the replies, but they ran into the hundreds. The postman rang my bell and protested that he had filled my letterbox and desired to know in what manner he was to dispose of the remainder of my correspondence. My housemaid filled her apron with the letters and staggered into the dining room, and, as she deposited them on the table, she tartly observed:

"Well, what anybody wants with so many letters, I can't imagine, and all in women's handwriting, too."

This latter circumstance bothered her. I need hardly say she was unaware that I had advertised. On this point I enlightened her, and the letters came so fast and furious, and gave her such an amount of running up and down stairs, that she grew sulky, not to say morose, and threatened to leave. In seeking an amenuensis I nearly lost a competent housemaid. I compromised matters by placing a huge Japanese waste-paper basket near the letter-box with a label attached:

"Note to the Postman—Put all letters in here."

She cleared this basket night and morning, and peace was restored to my limited household, consisting of myself, a cat, two birds in a cage, some mice, a cook, and the middleaged attendant aforesaid.

In my advertisement I directed the applicants to write, not to call, and send me specimens of their handwriting. Despite this warning, before I was well out of bed on Monday morning (the advertisement appeared on Saturday) a lady sent in her card to say she wished to see me most particularly. In a few moments I presented myself in the parlor, to which she had been conducted.

"Your pleasure, madam?" said I.

"I've called concerning the advertisement in Saturday's paper.

"But I requested appliacants to write, etc.," said I.

"Yes; I noticed that, but I thought if I got here early and headed off the postman, you'd be struck with my enterprise. I've come all the way from Hackensack—got up at five o'clock so as to here before eight"—and then she smirked and simpered and continued:

"Your advertisement says a young lady, but I'm only fifty-five, and you know, sir, young ladies are not to be depended on; they are too giddy and frivolous."

After some hurried conversation of a rambling and disjointed character I bowed the active old lady out, with the assurance that if I had no replies from musical young ladies, I would entertain her application.

The first letter I opened was written in a pretty, pensive hand and signed "Pauline Peacock." In it she said she was 23, quick of comprehension, had been private secretary to an eminent lawyer, was a brilliant pianiste, and had traveled all over Europe.

I concluded I would see this accomplished damsel, so I wrote and told her to call at a certain hour. She presented herself at the time indicated, and I interviewed her. She was a tall, self-possessed, well-developed girl, with restless dark eyes that opened and shut with a semi-sort of wink in a coquettish manner. I will not trouble you with our conversation, but I may tell you that I arrived at the knowledge that she was only nineteen, was born in New York, had never been secretary to a lawyer, did not know one note of music from another, and had never in her life been outside of Sandy Hook. I naturally desired to know why she had made such contrary statements in her letter. Her reply was she had written it for fun, for she didn't really wish to be an amanuensis; she hardly thought she'd get a reply, anyhow, and she was in search of an adventure to amuse herself.

After I had told her she would not answer, she departed with a smile, displaying a gleaming row of ivories. Rousseau said that no woman with fine teeth could be ugly. I hope Pauline will succeed in lighting on an adventure. Surely there is a vast field open to her in this enterprising city.

Another letter I opened was written in an exceedingly neat hand and signed with initials. I requested "L. L." to call. She proved to be a fluffy little blonde, with a tinkling voice. She was as round as a teakettle, with abnormally high heels to her boots, and her face was artificially opalined, with a suspicion of penciling on her eyebrows. I conducted her to an easy chair, and opened the interview.

"You have called about the advertisement?"

"Yes."

"Do you play?"

"Oh, yes."

"Will you kindly favor me with a specimen of your ability?"

She seated herself at the piano, and I confess I was not struck. She reminded me of the story that is told of Liszt, when speaking of a very benevolent man, who vainly essayed to be a pianist: "He does not permit his left hand to know what his right does," and this young lady's playing was of the same pattern. Her fingers pranced up and down the keyboard in a facile, aimless way, but I could not make head or tail of what she was driving at. I thanked her, and she departed.

Another lady who called at my suggestion turned out to be violently stage-struck. She said she had heard my name in connection with dramatic literature, had read several articles of mine in the newspapers with infinite pleasure, and could I give her some lessons in elocution, and take my fee, whatever it might be, out in amanuensing? Now, as I do not elocute, and being of the opinion that acting should be learned on the stage, as swimming is learned in the water, and riding on the back of a horse, and as the young lady's caligraphy disclosed the fact that I could not distinguish her "r's" from "s" and she had no tops to her "l's" and no preceptible tail to her "g's" I closed the interview with the observation that she should apply to Richard Mansfield, or some professional on the subject of elocution, as they would no doubt be enchanted to receive her as a pupil. Before leaving she showed me a photograph of an eminent tragedian, on the back of which was written:

"In memory of a charming evening spent with Florrie."

"The writing, I may add, bore a very suspicious resemblance to her own calligraphy. I fear the suggestive little romance on the photo was of her own creation. Poor girl! I wanted an amenuensis, not an actress.

Another applicant was elegantly dressed. Lord Lytton, in speaking of the attire of a lady who called on him, said it was as finished as an epigram. The remark would have applied to the costume of this young lady. She protested that she had a great deal of time on her hands, suffered deplorably from ennui, had a small income, and desired some light, pleasant occupation. All of this was interesting to hear. At last I had found the person I was in search of. We discussed details. She could begin at once, and attend six hours a day.

"And the terms?" I gently inquired.

"Five dollars a day and lunch; but I can't come on Saturdays, as I spend that day with my folks in New Brunswick, New Jersey."

I need hardly say this offer was respectfully declined, and I referred her to John D. Rockefeller, or Russel Sage, or some other millionaire.

Another fair applicant wrote to say that she had a tooth out in front, but wrote a neat hand and could play dance music nicely. What a tooth out in front had to do with the matter I could not exactly grasp, except to prepare me for the discovery that, according to the ancient jest, she parted her smile in the middle. Besides, I had no desire to dance.

Another correspondent assured me that she was anxious for work; that she was not young, nor was she old, and that she was rather inclined to be stout. I quote a portion of her letter:

"I suppose this will not be a serious objection, as goddesses, you know, are usually represented as fleshy; and, though I do not set up as a Venus, I am by no means a Minerva. Age has not staled nor custom withered my desire for literary work."

This letter was ornamented in the corner with two plump fluttering doves, pecking at a highly-embossed olive branch, also in gold—and the writing was confused and scratchy. It was clear that this plump lady was not a proper person for the position. I was not in search of a fleshy goddess.

There were letters of all sorts and sizes, not only from every part of the city, but from various suburban towns, and one turned up from New Haven. The person who applied form the Elm City minutely described her personal appearance, and dwelt particularly on the fact that her eyes were of a delicate shade of blue, and that the Yale collegians protested that her nose was pure Grecian.

To sum up, many of the applicants wrote imperfectly, some did not spell correctly (one lassie spelled "celebrated" with two "t's" and still another "happy" with one "p"), many displayed a want of ordinary business capacity, a few asked preposterous terms, many desired to combine instruction with acting (what an immense number of girls seem mad to go on the stage, I may remark en pasant), and several tenderly intimated that a little gallantry might be neatly mixed up with the general proceedings.

One maiden went so far as to say that "discreet attentions would not be unpleasing to her." This avowal simply broke me all up, and I quivered as the aspen is represented to do under certain atmospheric conditions. I remembered the saying of Honore de Balzac: "I can resist everything but temptation"—and I tore the little pink note into a thousand fragments.

One letter I received was thus worded:

"I am a poor young girl, desirious of earning an honest living. I can write a clear, firm hand, as this letter will show. I can play tolerably well, but make no great pretensions. I should be grateful if you will give me a trial, and my terms are moderate. May I call on you?"

Here was a modest, sensible, practical sort of application, without reference to personal charms, with no tiresome allusion to the stage. I told this "poor young girl" to call. She was simply but neatly clad, her fingers were ringless, her face was innocent of powder, and her eyes were frank and honest. In five minutes she explained herself to my satisfaction.

That young girl is now my amanuensis, with the probability that she may become my bride.

One Cold Saved.

Logic is logic, whether it touches the affairs of nations or a cold in the head. The convictions, says Tid-Bits, was forced upon a Liverpool woman whose coachman, although he had been ill for several days, appeared one morning with his hair closely cropped.

"Why, Dennis," said the mistress, "whatever possessed you to have your hair cut while you had such a bad cold?"

"Well, mum," replied the unabashed Dennis, "I do be takin' notice this long while that whiniver I have me hair cut I take a bad cowld, so I thought to meself that now, while I had the cowld on to me, it would be the time of all others to go and get me hair-cuttin' done, for by that course I would save meself just one cowld. Do you see the power of me reasoning, mum?"

Ask for a Book.

Send No Money---Simply Learn if I Know How to Cure You.

I will mail the book wanted if you will send me your address. Don't let doubt or prejudice keep you from asking for it.

With the book I will send an order on your druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Restorative; and he will let you test it a month. If satisfied, the cost is $5.50. If it fails, I will pay your druggist myself.

No other physician ever made such an offer; none ever will. I do it because I have discovered a remarkable remedy, and millions need it. I want them to have it.

It is a treatment that strengthens the inside nerves. It brings back the power that operates all vital organs; the only power that can ever make them strong. I have furnished the remedy to over a half million people on these terms, and 39 out of each 40 have paid for it, because they were cured. I will rely on your honesty; and if I fail, not a penny is wanted.

Won't you write a postal to learn about a remedy like that?

Simply state which book you want, and address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.

Book No. 1 on Dyspepsia,
Book No. 2 on the Heart,
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys,
Book No. 4 for Women,
Book No. 5 for Men, (sealed),
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

Mild cases, not chronic, are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Good Reason.

City Dealer—Say, look here, that consignment of milk you sent me yesterday was blue.

Farmer Oatcake—Why, ye see, we sent our calves in to the stockyards yesterday an' th' couws all felt purty blue over it.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.
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The Ant Cow.

Frank Marshall White contributes to the January Pearson's a charming description of a day in the life of a working ant. After accounting for the early hours of the day, he continues: It being now past noon and Formica's thoughts turning to refreshment, she hied herself to the outskirts of the nest, where the family cows were pastured. These cows, or aphides, were feeding on the leaves of the daisy, into which they plunge their proboscides and suck all day long, filling their bodies with pleasant juices. Our ant came up behind an aphis and stroked it gently with her antennae, when the little creature gave out a drop of her sweet liquid, which Formica sucked into her own crop. There were thousands of these aphides pasturing on the leaves and thousands of ants milking them.

Most of the ants took more of the juice into their crops than they needed, and, on the way back to work, gave up a part of it to friends whom they met going to the cows, thus saving the others' time and enabling them to resume their occupation more quickly. The ants were making the most of the aphis juice during the summer days, knowing that the supply would fall off later when the aphides laid their eggs. (Note here the superior mental equipoise of the ant, which neither betrays surprise nor writes to the newspapers when her cows begin to lay eggs.)

These eggs the ants would store over winter, tending them with the utmost care until spring, when the young aphides are brought out and placed on the shoots of the daisy to mature and provide food again during the hot weather. This far-sightedness is unexampled in the animal kingdom. Other insects and animals put away stores for the winter, to be sure, but the ant is the only one of them that breeds its own supply of food.

Having taken her fill of the swet juice on this particular day, Formica noticed that the aphis which she had been milking was in a position on the leaf which might expose it to the observation of some aphidvorous insect. She immediately descended to the ground, when she obtained a mouthful of earth, and, again climbing up the daisy stalk, built a tiny shed over the cow, going back and forth several times to bring up sufficient material.

Where They End.

"Some men never can take a joke," remarked Poeticus. "Yes," assented Scribbler, "and those men most always get to be editors."

Sage Advice.

Manager—Be careful not to make the plot of your novel too complicated.

Author—Why not?

Manager—Well, you know before it is dramatised the plot will all have to be taken out.

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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Saved From Pitiful Sin.

A Chain of Crime and a Chain of Golden Hair--Bonds of Steel and Links of Love.

By DR. DIXON DOUBLEDAY,

(Copyright by W. B. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. 1, January 4. Subscription can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XVII.

"TO SAVE YOU FROM THE ROPE."

After the squaw went away, Jules Dekay turned about and re-entered the cabin.

"The danger is greater than I imagined," he muttered. "Lanita is serving us faithfully. I must keep with my work; but I don't believe we'd better try to get this lot of money in circulation. It's too hazardous. We can't finish it up in one deal off without exciting somebody's suspicion; for every man in the section will have an eye to get reward as soon as they know it has been offered."

As he ceased speaking, he glanced at the window as in turn, and, assuring himself that everything was secure, sat down and again fell to work, rapidly examining and sorting the notes and placing them in their appropriate places on the piles of different denominations ranged before him on the table.

It was late when he finished and rolled up the counterfeit bills and laid them away. The spirit of restlessness was upon him, and, although his eyes had been broken since after night by a long, protracted debauch, sleep did not come to him. For hours, until the gray dawn, showing faintly through the wide open eastern window, heralded the approaching day, he sat moodily on the rustic settee, his face buried in his hands, his whole attitude and manner betraying the deepest fear and solicitude.

The candle burned away until nothing was left of it but a mass of sputtering grease and a remnant of wick. At times it seemed as if its fitful light died, then it would flare up, throw a bright glare down in the room; but, sitting silent and motionless as a statue carved out of stone, hoping, pondering, feeling, Jules Dekay took no notice of it.

Several times through the weary, dragging hours, he heard Dorah tossing on her bed in the adjoining apartment, and once, when he listened, he thought he detected the sounds of low sobs.

"It makes me feel like a brute," he half muttered. "It seems almost heartless to sacrifice her so--for I believe she meant it when she said she would rather die, and it would be almost a mercy to her, poor girl, if she could. Ringley Caine can never and will never love. His heart is heavy with sin--her's is as pure as it is given an earthly being's to be."

Jules Dekay half shuddered.

"To save my life," he said. She would do anything for me. God knows her life is dear to me than a daughter could be, I believe, to most men. It cannot, I will not, sacrifice her so. It is unmanly--awful. I will tell her all; and she shall choose. Oh, Dorah! Dorah! better that you had been a child of shame than if I had left you to the terrible--oh, Dorah, child, forbear!"

Here the poor, weakened, besotted man broke down entirely; his unwieldly body swayed and fro, and great tears trickled through his fingers. He went on in a gasp that was a half inaudible wail:

"I cannot, cannot tell her--it is too late--too late, now; I ought to have told her years ago, before we met."

The day was almost at hand when he threw himself after an hour's feverish sleep, but his exhausted nature had given out at last, and it was almost noonday before he awoke, for Dorah, noting the tired condition of the mind and body, forbore to awaken from the slumber he so much needed.

They ate almost in silence, speaking only of the sweltering August morning, neither of them seeming to think of anything but the previous night.

Dorah regarded Dekay half pityingly. His manner was constrained and preoccupied, and his face wore a wearied, moody look. She tried hard to appear happy, and even attempted once to sing a gay little song, but she broke down completely at the end of the first stanza, and went away into her own room to cry by herself; for she did not want to see how sorely it tried her to make the sacrifice she was making for him.

A half hour, sixty minutes, an hour and a half passed, but she did not come out again, and Jules Dekay sat in his old attitude of deep trouble awaiting her appearance.

At last, tired of waiting and wishing very much to talk with her of the future, he arose, and crossing the room, tapped gently on her door.

"What is it, father?" she asked in a low voice--not broken now or even tremulous, but calm, steady and smoothly modulated as ever.

"She has had a fearful struggle," thought Jules Dekay; "but it is past, and she has made up her mind to look her fate squarely in the face. She's braver--ah, so much braver than I!" Then he said:

"Come out, Dorah, I'm going away soon and I want to talk with you first."

A moment later she joined him, calm and self-possessed and with a faint flush on her cheeks; and, looking into her unwavering blue eyes, one would scarcely have thought she had shed a tear for a month. Her first keen, sharp struggle was over, and she had rallied herself up a little and bathed her face in cold water to wash away the tell tale marks. She was resolved to meet her revolting, and as she firmly believed, her last interview, with such a look of moral bravery and true womanly fortitude as she could summon to her aid.

"I'm going to leave you here for a little while," he said, "and I may meet Taine. If I do, Dorah, what answer shall I bear him--that you still feel that you can make the sacrifice?"

"I told you last night that to save your life--I want you to understand that--to save you from the Vigilantes and from the rope, I would sacrifice myself, my good name. I adore Ringley Taine, and I would rather go to my grave than make the promises that will bind me to such a creature for life. But my death would not save you; I can not give my life for you, and I shall marry Ringley Taine, and you may live."

CHAPTER XVIII.

DORAH'S DUTY.

Dorah stood firmly, not a trace on her fair young face of the pain that ran riot in her heart, looking Jules Dekay frankly in the eyes, speaking as calmly and evenly as if she were not talking of a step that she knew full well would cast so black a shadow over her life, and would be literally a living death.

He looked at her wonderingly. He could not comprehend her strange tranquility of speech and bearing. What a strong, brave spirit she had--this slender, blue-eyed girl, who was giving herself up a sacrifice for his sake. He bowed his head on his hands, and asked himself mentally, with another question in his heart, whether he deserved the sounds of self-sacrifice that he knew she ought to have been told years before.

"Would she do this if she knew?"

The answer had not formed itself in his mind before she came up to him and laid her hand tenderly on his grizzled head.

"Father," she said, very cheerful. If I make this sacrifice--if you escape--will you promise to forsake your bad ways--to turn from the path you are now in? It is leading you straight down to the bottomless pit!"

"I promise you," he answered, looking up into her eager eyes; "if you save me."

"I cannot save you, father," she said, earnestly. "Look to God for that. I can, perhaps, make me the instrument of your salvation, should you desire it, but I have nothing alone."

"Do not talk to me about Him, Dorah. I--I can't comprehend it--I am lost."

His pallid face seemed thinner and more pinched than ever, and great tears trickled despair that was depicted on its lineament as he spoke.

When he spoke again, it was in a voice tremulous with emotion:

"I am lost body and this life and the next."

Then before she could answer, he sprung up and walked hurriedly quickly.

"I can't stay here--the air is too close--and I must see Tom and Harney soon. Shall I bring him--Ringley Taine--here, Dorah, or would like him more if you knew him better."

"Bring him," she replied, "I will bring him here--I don't want to see him till--till the crisis has passed. My lest mouth of happiness has already passed--it ended last night. Tell him what I have decided to do; but tell him that I will not see him until he comes to make me his wife."

He said nothing, but taking his rifle down from its place, he took some cartridges from a wall, threw it across his shoulder and walked out of the cabin, closing the door and watched him until he was out of sight.

She was about to turn to her household duties, when she saw coming up the trail a man in the garb of a hunter. Though not tall, his figure was compactly and strongly built and he walked with the careless freedom of one long used to the nomad life of the west. In his form and bearing there was something strangely familiar to Dorah, though when she regarded the man more closely, she believed that she had never seen him before.

While she looked at him, the long rifle that he was carrying fell out of his hand and he threw up his arms and fell back on the hard roadside, where he lay as motionless as a corpse, with an arrow in his side.

Was he dead?

Dorah asked this question repeatedly as, with a feeling of horror, she looked upon the still figure, expecting every moment to see the hidden assassin emerge from his concealment.

But half an hour passed, and he did not appear.

"I must go out there," she said to herself. "Maybe he is not dead and I can save him. It is my duty!"

CHAPTER XIX.

PLANNING TO SAVE THEIR NECKS.

The tumbledown backwoods inn again!

Turning quickly at the sound of the footsteps in the room, Kingley Taine peered through the partially open door, and started back in surprise at seeing the lank figure of Jules Dekay standing in the center of the room surveying, with an expression of alarm and dismay on his besotted face, the evidences of the struggle of the previous night.

"It's Jules Dekay!" he whispered hurriedly. "I don't want him to learn that I know anything about this business of yours and his. I'm trying to get his girl--devilish fine girl, passing myself for a nice young man, you know."

Waiting a second to catch his breath, he went on:

"Don't want to catch me here--bad company, you know--killed dog Tray and so forth. I'm going to break out of the window, as you and Harney Barmore did last night. Don't tell him, if you want to keep in your usual robust health, Tom Gary--you hear?"

Without waiting for an answer from Gary, Kingley Taine sprung up the window sash that had been put upon him, Taine watched through the open window, and with a warning look of fear and solicitude, disappeared from view just as Jules Dekay pushed the door open and entered the room.

Dekay could not repress a cry of astonishment as he saw the rigid form of old Electa Wind, the landlady's mistress, her greasy and tattered old clothing showing her body in a ghastly, unnatural attitude of death.

"Heavens!" he cried as his eyes took in that awful scene.

Gary got on his feet and stood staring at him in a dazed way.

"What is it, Tom?" asked Dekay, after a moment, during which he recovered somewhat from the first consternation that, attack his entrance, had held him as if rooted to the floor.

"What's the matter? Who killed her? The blood on the floor out there--what does it mean? Speak, you Vigilante--"

"The devil's to pay," ejaculated Gary.

"I should judge so," answered Dekay. "In the name of heaven, what has been the matter? Is our track--or at least trying to get scent of us? Have the Vigilantes been here, and trying to any man that will give any information leading to our apprehension. In less than two days's time the whole town will be up in arms to secure that reward by hunting us down. We've got to get out of it, with-out having our necks stretched, we'll do well. Now I come in and find old Electa dead and Harney Barmore's knife in her body. How did she die? What does it mean? Where's Harney Barmore? Speak out, Gary! You act like a man asleep!"

"Well, maybe you wouldn't wonder at it if you--" Gary began, remembering Taine's injunction of secrecy concerning his late presence there and his knowledge of their crime, he stopped abruptly, and, tacking off, went on: "Old Electa, I can't say anything about how she died--Harney Barmore's very mysterious about it! I went home with Harney--"

"What about Harney?" asked Dekay interrupting him.

Tom Gary was a coward, and superstitious withal, though he did not believe in the ghost stories told by the old men of the north chamber of the old tavern, and Kingley Taine's mysterious disappearance, and the summary manner of dealing with such persons as were unfortunate as to excite his fatal nervousness therefore fairly frightened him, and he began him with a wholesale terror.

Still the old, familiar sound ringing in his ears, he dared not tell the truth; but he was a ready liar, and scarcely had Dekay's question left his lips, than he thought his prevaricating and perfectly developed talent into play.

"Oh, he got hurt last night," he said glibly. "You see this is how it was. A couple of cults came along here, and they were drunk when you left and wanted to stay over till morning. But I wasn't going to have 'em in here, considering the business Harney and I were in, and I told him we didn't keep any travelers nowadays. They insisted on staying, and when I refused them a second time, one of them began to show fight, and--"

Gary stopped to think, but Dekay urged him on.

"He made the remark that he could lick any man that would shut a fellow out among the cold--and I guess he was pretty near right, and I doubted it. Harney Barmore struck at him, and they had a fight, and he gave and wounded him. Then I got out my revolver, and both cults ran away and I after them; but they got off in the darkness. I'm not sure I hit any of 'em, but I guess I did, for I heard a groan or two, and I've been hanging around again, to see how the land lay, before I came back home. So I went with him to steady along, and when I got back I found old Electa dead. There ain't any bullet marks or knife cuts on her, so I reckon one of those chaps must have choked her to death. Likely they came back while I was gone with Harney."

"And Harney--where is he?"

"No, I never saw..them before."

The white lie--he could not anything we don't want outsiders to know! Do you think they saw inside of this room when they came back? The bills were on the table in the shanty here, you know."

No. Everything was safe--the back room was locked."

"And the windows?"

"The curtains were down close."

Dekay asked no more questions. Evidently satisfied with Gary's romance, he stood thinking intently for two or three minutes, then said, suddenly:

"We can't hope to get this issue in circulation, now. We mustn't try--its too dangerous with that accursed five hundred dollars reward staring every poor settler for miles around in the face, and appealing to his poverty and his cupidity, for you know most people don't begin to get rich very fast here in--"

"What's to be done then?"

"We've got to hide these notes we've just struck off, and our plates and dies, and in fact everything that. If seen, might give any man a clue to the identity of the counterfeiters. I wish Harney was here, for I'd like to know what he'd say about it. We can't keep on now --it would cost us our lives."

"I believe you're right, Dekay," said Gary; after a pause, during which neither had spoken, though the minds of both had been busy. "We can't go on unless we want to die; and I for one ain't the man to run my neck into a noose when I can just as well keep it out as not. Every man for miles around will be after that reward in less than two days."

"You bet they will," interrupted Dekay.

"Times are tight and money's scarce just at present--twill be a sight better after the country opens up a little more, Gary went on. "I suppose lots of cults would be on it for that five hundred, with both hands stretched out to grab the pile--the poor devils. But we haven't done so bad for the last few months. Let's see, there's three of us at five hundred a piece, and I guess we've each of us cleared up enough stuff to buy a good farm."

When he thought of how Taine had just depicted his own share of their unlawful gain, his face elongated perceptibly.

"Yes, of course we've got a little something to show for our enterprise," he answered dryly, "that is such of us as have had a square deal on the divvy."

Gary looked at him queerly, but made no reply.

"Hah!" exclaimed Dekay after a moment. "I'm tired of it all, and I'm dryer than a salt mackerel!"

CHAPTER XX.

TO RACK THE BEST.

Gary took a flask out of a niche in the wall and held it out toward Dekay.

The latter man's pale face flushed a little, his bloodshot eyes lighted up wistfully; he took the flask and--and was on the point of reaching for the bottle.

Then he thought of the promise he had made that night to Dorah, that he was morally too weak to speak of it to a man like Gary.

No, Tom," he said, hesitatingly, "the matter in a way that showed how great was his mental conflict, "I won't take that--I don't want it. Indeed, I tell you I've got to be sober until I get the rope away from round my neck."

Without a word, Gary put the bottle back in its place, but not before he had emptied half the contents into his throat, and drew what him drink eagerly but showed no inclination to go near the door.

"I expect that Harney Barmore will be down sometime during the afternoon," said Gary after a pause, "and I guess we'll wait over more at length."

"I don't go home till we get things fixed up a little more ship-shape," answered Dekay.

"What do you suggest," asked Gary.

"I think we'd better put a stop to the business or suspend it entirely till the excitement dies away."

"Keep mum you mean, till Mainstone the counterfeiter gets up section," assented Gary, "and then Bristol, and so on, and so on spread out the business wider than ever! That's what I'd speak we should do, if we acted with much animation because of the prospect which this plan offered him of retrieving his diminished fortunes.

Jules Dekay was silent a minute after this. He was thinking of the promise he had given Dorah to forsake the dangerous path he was treading, to turn from his evil ways and live an honorable life; and he knew that of the years at which he himself had more than hinted and which he had promised Dorah he would turn away from the byways of sin.

But Dekay was weak and too much in the habit of acquiesing in the plans of Gary and Barmore, his associates and leaders in crime, to oppose the latter's first precedent thought, and he nodded approbation of Gary's suggestion.

But he really intended to renounce his dangerous career in which, in view of his skill with the pen and pencil, he had made the fellow counterfeiters recognized him as a coadjutor, whether they would or not, and decided to carry out his determination.

He was sincere in this, for he confidently believed that Gary had accepted his suggestion with the idea that it was more available than any other that had occurred to him.

Dekay knew that Harney Barmore had not put in an appearance; four o'clock had come, and yet he had not come. Gary and Dekay became silent.

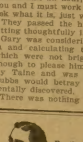
"I don't see what delays him," said Gary at last, returning to the door and looking out and returning for the twentieth time with the report that Barmore was no where to be seen.

"He hurt in the scuffle with the cults in the fleshy part of his side. It ain't bad enough to lay up for, if he ain't on hand within half an hour, Dekay, I'll bet that you and I must work out this very night. Don't you think we'd best wait."

They passed the half hour in utter silence, sitting straightfully in the room.

Gary was considering the matter they were in and calculating their chances for escape which were not bright enough to encourage enough to please him. He did not trust Kingley Taine and was afraid that Johnathan Tubbs would betray him to the law, accidentally discovered.

There was nothing to be gained by waiting



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When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Saved From Pitiful Sin.

(Continued.)

uncalculating for fortune to favor them, and any measure that they might take to conceal the evidences of their illicit handicraft would tend to make them more secure.

"I'll tell you my plan," he said at last, breaking in upon Jules Dekay's thoughts about how he should redeem himself.

"Go ahead," said Dekay.

"Well," went on Gary, "we'll just pick up all our bills and our plates and our ink and our machine and everything round the house that has ever been used in our counterfeiting work, and we'll pack the whole outfit in the old oak chest in the other room."

"We'd better do this right away," suggested Dekay.

"Yes, and that ain't all. It's clouding up now and is likely to rain—at any rate we're going to have a dark night. After everything round is quiet we'll bury the chest and old Electa is the same grave. How does that strike you?"

Dekay whistled.

"Nobody is likely to dig into old Electa's grave in a search for counterfeiters' tools and other effects," added Gary. "Well, start a report that old Electa got drunk and fell down stairs, and anyone in these parts will believe

free patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

A DOCTOR IN LUCK.

"Don't say you did not mean to do it—I saw you deliberately kick him!"

"My dear madam, I protest——"

"I don't care what you protest, sir, you have nearly killed him, poor darling Fido," and the speaker, a buxom, but still young and attractive lady, arrived in widow's weeds, threw the injured poodle in her arms, and darting a withering look at the offender, a florid-faced gentleman of middle age, who stood with his hat raised in one hand and the other spread out in an attitude of expostulation, she turned away wrathfully, and crossed over the road, trying to quiet the yells of the wounded favorite as she went.

Meanwhile, the florid-faced gentleman muttered something not at all like a benediction on the poodle, and went his way, inwardly wishing that he could have killed it, outright instead of, as the lady declared, partially. The little darling, in its friskiness had been barking at him in the most insolent manner all down the street, and displaying a laudable desire to bring his calves and its teeth into a closer acquaint-

He threw up his arms and fell.

ance with each other. Now, when he fancied that its mistress was not looking, he had administered the polite attention which resulted in the above little conversation, for she saw him—needless to say people always do see when you don't want them to.

Doctor Peter Skimpton, such was the name, was a bachelor, living alone, with the exception of an old housekeeper, who managed the household affairs, and cooked his meals, etc.; he was not in a brilliant position—indeed, just now he was what he termed "decidedly hard up"—and when he reached home on the afternoon of the accident to the poodle, he fell to thinking over what he could do to make his prospects brighter. His thinking did not lead to any great discovery—it very often does not in such cases—but it did one thing for him, it often does, it made him very discontented with his lot.

Just as he had vented his discontent in sundry grumblings, with the rubber and chamois leather, the old housekeeper aforesaid, rushed upstairs as fast as her rheumatism would let her, and into the room, with:

"If you please, sir, there's a young man, a footman, wants you to go to Mrs. Kissum's house—I know where 'tis, 'tain't far, sir."

Doctor Skimpton looked very dignified and immediately put his best face on an exultant leap.

"Aha," thought he, "perhaps this is a haul at last. Some wheezy old lady, I dare say, with a dozen or more little ailments for fancied ailments, and who'll be good for some time with a little patching up."

Buoying his hopes up with these philanthropic thoughts, the worthy doctor proceeded to the house with a very good, a very nice house it was, too; everything about it bore the impress of wealth and luxury. "A place like this would just suit me," thought he, as he passed through the hall and up the stairs, whither the servant conducted him into an elegantly furnished little room. A young lady was there, who came forward to meet him, and said:

"Doctor, I entreat you, doctor, I'm afraid you'll be surprised. Your patient is only an animal, you know—he's been hurt, poor dear, by a cruel man, but I'm afraid that unless she had a doctor for him," and while speaking she led the way to the other end of the apartment, where, on a blue satin cushion reposed—gracious heavens! that infernal poodle!

Had a thunderbolt fallen at his feet Peter could scarcely have looked more astonished, and I must add, disgusted.

"You are surprised," said the young lady; "but you know Mrs. Kissum is so fond of him; he's been with her since she brought him in, though she's fed him on everything she can think of to excite him, and we are afraid his paw's broken—see how he holds it."

Doctor Skimpton's first impulse was to fly, but on second thought he determined to stay and face it out, though he was in deadly fear lest the poodle should recognise him. Anyhow, he got over it safely, felt the paw, prescribed some lotion for it, discovered that the dear creature should not be fed too much, and promised to send some medicine for him when he reached home, and to call on the following day.

"What an escape," said he to himself, "why, if the widow had been there herself, what would she have said, I wonder?"

And he soon came in, helpless astonishment, and an inward thirsting for that poodle's blood.

Next morning, when he went next day he was most assiduous in his attentions to the pet, and when he arrived the darling had slept peacefully through the night, owing to his medicine. He found, also, what was more interesting to him, that Mrs. Kissum was a widow, very rich; the young lady was a hired companion.

Although he paid two or three visits, he did not see the widow and he began to wonder what her reception of him would be, and whether she would prove him for the first inquiry in consideration of the trouble he had taken for the deceased Fido in the second instance. For he had formed a bold resolution—he meant to marry and win the widow. Bashfulness was not his failing, and he was in want of money badly, as has been said.

"Hang it all," he told himself, "I'm not such a bad-looking fellow, even yet—who knows what may happen?"

The fourth time he went the young lady companion was not there, and his heart beat fast as he heard the rustle of silks outside the door, and knew the young lady did not wear silks. Could it be the widow?

He was not long in doubt, for the door opened and the lady herself, richly dressed and showing more than before, rustled in with a beaming smile upon her face, very different from that which she had bestowed upon him on the occasion of their first meeting. She extended her hand and was beginning to speak, when her gaze falling full upon his features, she started back with a look of amazement and anger.

"You—you are the man who hurt my Fido," she stammered.

"Yes; my dear madam; I own it with sincere regret; but I am also the man who has cured Fido."

"That's true," said the widow, looking at the dog.

"Say, oh, say, I have atoned for my fault," said Doctor Peter, falling upon one knee, and taking the widow's hand in his before she could offer any resistance, "Madam, if you knew what I have suffered since I saw you, your charms have made away with my peace of mind altogether—I love you!"

"Sir!" exclaimed the lady, indignantly, "how dare you talk so? You are a perfect stranger!"

"Oh, no, oh, no! I have long worshiped you in secret. If in a moment of passion I struck the charming Fido, may I not be allowed to make amendment by being his devoted slave henceforth?"

The widow withdrew away her head and put her pocket handkerchief up to her face, but did not take away her hand, and Doctor Peter thought what a remarkably pretty little hand it was—so plump and white, and such sparkling rings on it, too. She certainly was not at all bad looking.

"I don't know what they came to fetch you, of all persons, to see Fido," she murmured, plaintively.

"How happy I am that they did," said he. "You must go away," said she, without moving, however.

"I will, I will—when you have made me the happiest of men by one word." said Peter, changing knees—that is to say, bringing the right knee down and resting on the one that he had been kneeling on, for it was beginning to ache—"that one word is not united to six-and-forty. "Say but that one word, and I depart hope."

"I can't," said the widow, blushing.

"Then tell me you don't hate me."

"N—no, I suppose I don't."

"Then say you'll be mine, dearest." (For the other name did not seem to feel stiff, too). "I shall die if you refuse."

"Oh, no," said the widow, "don't die."

"But I shall; I can't help it, if you reject me. Come, you who have so much love for a poodle, can't you spare a little for a husband?"

"Perhaps I can," whispered she, with a great amount of confusion and blushing.

And two months after that the house and the widow became Peter's own—and he always says, what is perfectly true, that he owed his good fortune to that lucky kick administered to the poodle.

British as Slave Owners.

In parliamentary papers relating to slavery and the slave trade in East Africa and on the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba, published in May, 1901, the public is informed that in the latter island in 1873 there were approximately 100,000 slaves, but that there are only about today. The reasons accounted for as follows: Twelve thousand in the interval have been given their freedom, 20,000 have died, being attributed to an epidemic of smallpox, and 5,000 have disappeared, some of whom may be alive, but are hiding themselves and taken into slavery in other countries.

It has been estimated that there are on the mainland portions of the sultan of Zanzibar's dominions 200,000 slaves. This strip of land is governed directly by the British foreign office. In British East Africa proper it has been estimated by Mr. E. J. Mardon of the Indian civil service and by Bishop Tucker that there exists a population of 2,000,000, a large number of whom may be considered to be, if not slaves, in a condition very slightly removed from slavery. In Uganda the same authorities estimate the population to be 4,000,000, a large number being domestic slaves.

FIXED THE FAMILY.

Grape-Nuts Set Them Right.

It is better to have a food epidemic in a family than an epidemic of sickness. A young lady out at Hibbing, Minn., tells about the way Grape-Nuts won her husband. She says, "When recovering from typhoid fever my doctor ordered Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. I gained four pounds the first week, and, as the package was kept on the table for me, the whole family started to eat the new food.

We soon noticed a difference in my younger brother's face, which had been pale and blotchy, and he had been suffering from chronic inflamation of the stomach. In a short time he began to say so cheerfully that we all remarked about it, and before long he got so he could eat anything without the least distress.

We often eat Grape-Nuts dry as we would candy or nuts, and it has a richer taste than when soaked in water. The best way is to put on some good, rich cream.

My sister found that after we began eating Grape-Nuts she had a much greater supply of milk for her babe. We have quit eating hot bread and meat for the evening meal and take in place of them Grape-Nuts, with cream, and a little fruit, and have all improved greatly in health.

Please don't publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Mechanical Miners.

Mining is a phase of activity which has been revolutionized by new methods of transport. At some of the deepest diggings in the world—those in the conner country, bordering on Lake Superior—buckets of ore are now hoisted from the depth of a mile at a speed of sixty miles an hour. Machinery has taken the labor from the backs of the plodding mules, which formerly dragged to the surface the small cars containing the yield of the iron mines.

Huge steam shovels rank high amongst modern mechanical marvels. When there is any great work of excavation to be done, like a cutting through a hill where a railway line is to run, or tearing on the side of a mountain, the steam shovel will do the work in the quickest, best and cheapest style possible. A giant shovel in use in the American mine will handle forty or fifty tons in ten minutes, lifting the ore in its great open mouth and loading it into freight cars. This machine can be operated by half a dozen men, and can do the work that formerly required two hundred laborers.

Many strange utensils are employed for transferring the crude treasures of the earth to and from the trains which carry them over the seas. "Car dumpers" are ingenious machines, which, in the space of a minute, will pick up a loaded truck, empty the contents into a vessel's hold, and return the car to the railroad track. For coaling vessels buckets descend open-mouthed into the hold, when their iron jaws come together and snap up a ton or more of coal at a time. In warehouses and in most big business establishments the elevators and endless traveling platforms do all the work of handling the merchandise. Indeed, labor-saving appliances are now being employed almost universally.

This is True.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the pains. It never fails or even the pains from one cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as falling of the womb, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address, Mrs. C. B. Miller, Box 109, Kokomo, Ind.

Variable.

"I heard a good definition of 'weather' today," he suggested, casually.

"What was it?" she asked, unsuspicion.

"Weather," he replied, "is the most feminine thing in existence."

And yet she didn't laugh.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HEALING.

ONE MILLION CURED CASES.

You Can Be Cured Whether You Believe in Christian Science or Not.

Over a million cases of disease in every form are now to the credit of Christian Science Healing. Many of these were cases that the doctors had given up as "incurable." Many more were chronic maladies that had baffled the skill of doctors. All were quickly cured; some were cured instantly. In the case of the latter there is simply indisputable, and the curing still goes on. There can be no mistake or misstatement a out it. The healers and their work are before the public eye. C. S. healer my many marvelous cures have startled the world. During the past 13 years I have been successful in curing every known kind and in every stage of severity. Many included where other methods where operations were otherwise threatened. I cured cases of suffering far away from me, as well as those near at hand. And I tell you in like manner that wherever you may be you can be cured whether you believe in Christian Science or not. You can be cured whether in this city or thousands of miles away from me. In our Christian Science Healing distance is of no account, disbelief is not a hindrance, disappointments of the past only make stronger grounds for faith in the power I wield. All left to be healed.

I have just published a little book in regard to this blessed truth called "A Message of Health and Healing." If you write to me I will gladly send you a Copy Free. It gives many interesting facts and convincing testimonials. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage. S. A. Jefferson, C. S. B., Suite 604, 112 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Kustacia—I knew that man was a physician by the way in which he took hands.

Edgar—Yes, of course; that's his 5 touch, his tender, delicate, considerate touch.

Quickly Cures Tobacco Habit.

Anyone Can Have a Free Trial Package by Sending Name and Address.

Men need no longer face the tyrine ordeal of swearing off from tobacco. A well known chemist of Cincinnati has discovered a remedy that actually effects the desire for tobacco, stops the craving for cigarettes,

No More Smoke or Dirty Spittoons.

spoils the taste, every smoker will makes it impossible to chew tobacco. One good feature about this remedy is the fact that it is tasteless so that ladies mix it in food, tea or coffee, milk or chocolate, and cure their husbands, sons or brothers without their knowing how it happened.

Any man who desires to quit using tobacco may now do so in a very pleasant but thoroughly effective manner without any suffering or nervous tension. The remedy is perfectly harmless, and anyone may have a free trial package by sending name and address to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 2761 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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A man's ingenuity doesn't get him out of half the trouble it gets him into.

The older a woman grows the safer it is to intrust a secret to her keeping.

Sybil Sanderson is brave enough to think that she can support a French count.

If we could see ourselves as others see us all oculists would have to work overtime.

The success of a book agent proves that the truth isn't so mighty and doesn't always prevail.

No man is truly great unless he can become famous without making any of the notes himself.

All the world's a stage and all the people thereon are high fliers of more or less merit and ability.

Before calling a man a fool pause and reflect on what he could call you without jolting his veracity.

Sarah Bernhardt says that she rehearsed "Cleopatra" 500 times before it was finally presented to an audience.

The average woman's husband seldom comes up to her ideal; the ideal in most cases has to come down to the husband.

Mr. Chamberlain thinks that England should maintain her splendid isolation. But too much isolation ceases to be "splendid."

Doctor Nichols's list shows in several places that if one can't buy his way into the "real smart set," he may still marry into it.

A real princess who is living in Paris does her own housework. Let us hope she is endeavoring to start a new fad and that it will "take."

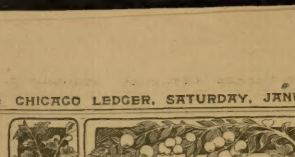
Mr. Schwab has been trying to break the bank at Monte Carlo. The gentleman must have been drunk with success when he went to Europe.

A physician says that tight lacing is a benefit to the human race, inasmuch as it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow into women.

An Atchison druggist has become so wealthy selling smaksnite remedy and a few other drugs that he has purchased a newspaper and in future will be We instead of simply I.

A lawyers' trust has been incorporated in New Jersey. It will endeavor to corner the law business of the corporations. Thank heaven, the Chicago justice courts are still open to the little outside lawyer.

Lewis Nixon, the new leader of Tammany, says he is going to make all the bad men get out of the organization. Doesn't Mr. Nixon expect it will ever be necessary for him to have a quorum after he gets through with the reformation?



Berenice, The Beautiful.

The Tragedy of a Luckless Marriage --- Love That Seemed Too Late---Out of the Depths.

By JEANNE STODDERT.

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CHAPTER IX.

It was a long beautiful drive in the moonlight, but as the carriage turned on the boulevard and she felt they were nearing home, Berenice gave a little shudder and the old hunted expression came into her eyes.

"I know how you feel poor child," said Maurice tenderly.

"Ah, but do you?" she thought. The emotions by which she was stirred were hard to define. Horror, disgust, a longing for peace, nothing of the enemy. Maurice advised Berenice to slip quietly up the stairway and immediately lock her door to avoid intrusion; but could not open it whatever his threats.

So with palpitating heart Berenice glided noiselessly along holding to the banisters for support until she reached the head of the stairs, then looking about cautiously and seeing no one, hurried to her boudoir greatly relieved. Quickly locking the door she tossed her opera cape over a chair and turned up the lights. She had told Theresa that she need not wait up.

Walking over to the small dressing table, she began to arrange her hair. A knock, then a noise, turned just as the sly doctor stepped from his hiding place.

For a moment a cold terror crept into her heart; every bit of color fled from her face. She was about to sink to the floor. Then with a great effort, she summoned all her courage and, remembering that Maurice had told her, she said with her ordinary placidity and without the slightest tremor in her voice:

"You are up late, Dr. Page."

"You did not expect to find me in bed until my darling niece herself be had been safely tucked in, did you?"

"It is not my habit," she said contemptuously, "to trouble yourself about me. You have my permission to retire at once."

"But I have first a little matter to transact before my head can rest peacefully on the pillow. I find you more in need of a protector than I realized, in a moral as well as a financial sense. Those are the course demand my first and immediate attention."

"But I might surprise you with my ability to look after my moral as well as financial, that I took after my finances. I need no one as director me, at least, in both."

"Have a care, your impertinence is in poor taste. It would take but little to incite me to play Othello. Only to remind you at once of your degredation; you shall live to feel the disgrace which you have brought upon yourself."

"Let me compliment your excellent judgment," said Berenice, breaking into a reckless laugh, "I feared you were about to insult yourself."

"Don't tempt me, I say woman—I do not want your blood upon my hands!" His eyes glared. His hands shook with suppressed rage. "Why did you not return earlier?"

She waited a moment before answering then said quietly:

"Because it did not suit my pleasure—I went to stay and enjoy the evening, and did greatly."

"And you dare tell me this?"

"Ah, have done!" she exclaimed, "I am losing all patience! What reason could I have for not telling you of my actions?"

"Perfidious creature. You would sin and defy me!"

"Possibly; if it were a sin—for what right have you to question my acts?"

"Do you not see that I am my wife."

"So you would use the law as a torture rack," she said scornfully, and with a toss of her head in proud defiance continued: "Let me assure you, Dr. Page, that I suffer any remorse or feel any twinge of conscience, it does not come through the thought of being a wife, but of the respect due to women, to head and the world. For since you have outraged every principle of honor, decency and moral, I consider that I owe you no loyalty. The man who demands my fidelity must deserve it. I shall look on him as freeing myself from this hateful bondage."

"That, madam, you will never do."

"Ah, I was not aware that you praised me so highly. I supposed for a money consideration I might be free at any time."

"That is your only escape, my pretty virgin, the only way to free yourself from my power."

For a moment she was speechless. She felt as though a knife had probed an open nerve.

"Don't dare! Dr. Page—don't dare make such a charge! You have more than a helpless woman now to contend with. You shall answer to Maurice for this insult!"

"Damn him! But we might as well be sensible and talk business. I think you must now be ready to at least cut your fortune in two and make an equal division."

"Believe me, Dr. Page, you have used very poor reasoning; nothing could be farther from my thoughts."

"You can take your choice madam, either this or I will expose your guilty liaison with my nephew. Maurice you have been leading on for the last month. I knew it would come to this—you must acknowledge that I have put no obstacle in your way."

"Dare you make such a charge," she said, "and your whole life of wickedness and crime will be an open page. You will be placed where you can no longer victimize innocent girls and bring helpless children into the world to starve and die like rats in a hole."

"Well, my fallen angel, if I have done these things of which you accuse me, you may be sure that I have left behind no evidence for the law to grip me. You know these things have got to be proved. You will only hurt yourself by any attempt in this direction. So do not get your foolish notions into your head about injuring me in this way. I have taken the pains to leave no footprints."

"Then you acknowledge when you left living reproductions."

"Such an occurrence is a common freak —that counts for nothing. But there is no use in arguing this matter further, you certainly have got to be reasonable. You will only hurt not afford to have this matter with Maurice come before the courts, even though it placed me behind the bars, which is only a supposition of course. You would suffer just the same. It may interest you to know that I had a witness to the amorous love scene between you and Maurice. You can sign these papers which I have busied myself in preparing during your absence."

She had walked to tae window. If Maurice would only come, she thought. Where could he be? Ah, there he was coming down the road smoking a cigar!

Rushing back she was secure after he heard the key turn in her door, and seeing nothing of his relative, Maurice concluded that he had gone to bed and would see him in the morning, and as sleep was impossible, he concluded to finish out his night on the piazza.

"Here they are," said the little doctor, taking the papers from his inside pocket. "If you have a grain of sense you will put this matter off no longer."

As he handed her the paper, his expression changed from frenzied violence to that of cunning and craftiness.

She gave a preparatory glance, then reached out her hand and taking the papers tore them into pieces.

"Take that," he said, as he struck at her. But she sprang back and screamed: "Maurice!"

"Open this door or I will break it down!" came a thundering voice from the outside.

"So he has," answered the infuriated husband, pursuing his wife as she danced around the table, keeping it between them. Then she rushed to the door to open it, and as she did so, the little doctor livid with rage seized her by the throat.

A scream from Berenice was following by the report of a pistol. The doctor sprang into the room and with one blow of his fist sent the little doctor sprawling into the middle of the room. Then seeing that the little man had fallen upon the couch, he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the bedroom adjoining. "Poor child," he said, "how careless I have been."

By this time the little doctor had picked himself up and as he did so a figure in white appeared in the doorway. Little Mary stood there in her night robe.

"You are hurting my Berenice, I will kill you," she said, striking at him with her shears, which she had brought from the sewing room. Maurice caught them from the inner room she let them drop to the floor.

"Ah, my love, I didn't know. You won't let him hurt her," she said as she crossed to Berenice's chamber.

"Leave my house, you miserable cur!" roared the little doctor as Maurice stood glaring at him. "And you, miserable brat," to Mary as she passed through the door.

"Vicar of the devil!" said Maurice, "I am not thinking of you now, but with you. I've a mind to put my foot on your neck and grind you into pulp! But upon reflection, I think I will let you explain your crime behind the bars. I have taken the pains to inform myself of your criminal practices and have already information enough to send you to Ethior this day. Now, you can choose between me or hear of you again, and never let me see or hear of you again."

"And with whom do you think you are dealing, you insolent whelp? Leave this roof at once or I will expose your guilt and the swindle you are practicing public; you and your mistress."

Maurice had him by the collar. "Take back that speech or I will make a finish of you right here."

Berenice had risen and was standing in the doorway, her hair disheveled and falling about her shoulders while her eyes shone with intense excitement.

The small man weakened and paled under the strong grip of his nephew, and as he endeavored to free himself said:

"Well, I may have been a trifle rough, but what can you expect of a jealous husband. I suppose we had better leave this matter until we both have cooled, we are apt to say or do those things which we might regret. I think, however, you will see it just as I do. A woman's reputation against a man's is the thing to consider, and you know what is always the result. I have no desire to injure her character. In fact it is best to settle the matter without injury to any one concerned. I only demand justice and by the gods I will have it! You will find me a relentless foe," he said as he turned to leave the room.

"Well, remember," said Maurice, "this matter is now entirely between ourselves. You are to speak no further word to Berenice."

"Ah, Maurice, how terrible. What is to be done?" moaned Berenice.

Pressing her hand tenderly he said: "Go to bed now and try to get some rest. Mary will remain with you. Matters have reached a crisis; it is perhaps as well. I will leave you now and think what is the best and wisest thing to do. Your name must be spared, that is the only thought which is clear to my mind just now. Good night, poor darling."

When he had left her, he passed on to his own chamber where he sat with head bowed for fully an hour. Then he rose and drawing writing material before him wrote a letter to his father. It was of some length, and the birds were twittering in front of his window when he at last laid down for a few hours rest.

CHAPTER X.

It was quite noon when Berenice made her appearance downstairs. Passing the library, she found the closed door and no angry disputations going on within.

But with all the trouble possibly in store, she was sustained by the knowledge that she possessed his love.

"He is true," she murmured, "all mine—all his priceless love is mine." This thought, this feeling was paramount to any other as she passed on to the drawing room, where later Maurice found her.

"You are looking feeling this morning ma chere?" he asked tenderly.

"Quite myself, dear Maurice—but tell me," she said eagerly, "has anything been decided as yet?"

"Not altogether," he said, seating himself beside her. "Let us not talk of it now; be sure nothing will disturb peace for the present, that is until I know—"

"Know what, Maurice?"

"Oh, what is best to do," he replied evasively. I must take a few days to consider. But do not think, my dear," he said, taking hold and raising it to his lips, "Poor child, your face bears traces of suffering."

"Why, good morning, folks," said Mary, coming into the room. She wore a pink muslin and a big hat with pink roses. Over the white swiss garden hat, the broad strings hanging unfied.

She carried a large bouquet of old fashioned garden flowers, and laying them down in front of Berenice, knelt at her feet.

"You know Maurice, I would seem so good to smell again some old fashioned garden flowers. Here they all are—the sweet alyssum, the mignonette, the pinks, tulips and the rest, and see cousin Berenice the bachelor buttons and sweet williams."

"Oh, how good of you, child," said Berenice kissing the fresh pink cheek. "But where did you get them?"

"You know, he drove me into the country for them. Ah, how I love to be outdoors to see the little white cottages with the flower beds along the walk and at the sides of the house and the little chickens with the mother hen picking about the yard, and the girl churning on the back porch. It is just the best thing in Dixiewood," she said delightedly.

"After all, the life at Deadwood had its charm," thought Berenice, as she looked at the flowers and smiled in a pensive mood.

"Do you suppose the girl at the cottage is happy, and the woman picking the flowers?" she asked Maurice. "I think it would be good for a time where all is peace, I am so weary of—"

"You shall go," said Maurice, starting up. "I know of just such a place quite near here. Your maid need not accompany you."

"Right now, today?" questioned Mary eagerly. "And will you take cousin Berenice?"

"What a child! no not for a few days," said Maurice. "I wish you might go at once," he said, looking tenderly down upon Berenice.

"Where is this place, Maurice?" she asked.

"It is the property of a friend of mine from here. A little old fashioned farm, prettily located near a small lake. I stopped there for a day when I was at the west about six years ago and uncarthed some relatives who father knew nothing about. I know they will be glad to have you. I will write this morning and make arrangements."

"I have been thinking, Maurice," said Berenice, after Mary had left the room, "that after all, we had better go home by no side terms. I have fought against being a victim to his rascality, but I can see no other way."

"It is the wisest course, and you have been placed in this position and I shall see you out of it. Now please do not worry for a few days and I think I shall have him safe out of the house."

"You are no more at fault than I Maurice, and I fear he will hang on until the end of time if we do not hang on to him for a few days."

"Then I must ask you to leave him to me to manage, and if he again approaches you on the subject, tell him that he has had your answer that you will not for one moment consider his proposition."

During the afternoon Mrs. Josslyn called and the conversation soon drifted to the garden party.

"We are rejoiced to see you out last evening, my dear," said the pretty, stylish widow, smiling her most gracious smile, "and my son can talk of no one or no one's subject but the beautiful Mrs. Page."

Berenice flattered, and modestone.

"We will of course see you at Mrs. Nelson's?"

"If I were going in society I should be most happy, but my life is so full of other things I can find no time for social affairs. Then somehow my tastes do not run in that direction."

Berenice.

"No doubt," said Mrs. Josslyn sweetly, "your life is quite complete with both your husband and Dr. Monteith to devote themselves to you, but don't you think it a trifle

selfish not to permit the young doctor to attend our social affairs?"

"I have no influence in that direction, Mrs. Joselyn, he comes and goes as it best pleases him."

"Yes, but that is the trouble; he would not care to go without you. That is easy to see. Do you know your husband is very jealous," continued her caller growing very confidential. "He admitted as much to me, and how my heart went out to him, when he bemoaned his plainness and his years compared with his nephew's youth and manly beauty. He said he should have known how it would be later on, and never have married a mere girl who must be only bored with the devotions of a man twenty years her senior."

"I cannot express my wonder that he would say such things," said Berenice, with some show of indignation.

"Oh, but he is so fond of you! It seemed to hurt him so to see you waltzizng with this handsome young fellow, and the pained expression on his face when he left, saying there were some things which no man was strong enough to endure, quite distressed me."

At this point in the conversation, Berenice showed considerable agitation. What more might he have revealed, she thought.

"Of course I knew," continued her companion, "that it was all thoughtlessness upon your part; that you were married so young and had seen so little of the world, you did not realize how society looks upon these things, or think to disguise your feelings. So I concluded to befriend and put you on your guard, my dear. You know at this age what one does in private is one's own affair and can do no harm so long as the world does not know. A woman may have the guiltiest kind of a liaison in secret and it will not injure her like a lingering smile, and a clasp of the hand too long before the public gaze."

"I must confess to being too stupid to altogether follow the drift of your words," said Berenice coldly, "but I cannot agree with you in this last statement. If one were without a conscience and depending upon the world's opinion only, for one's happiness, I can understand wherein you might be right. But for a self-respecting person the argument is wasted. A woman's first duty is to herself. If she be pure in mind and heart, the false impressions and unjust criticism of the world cannot cause any very deep pain. This is my first knowledge that Dr. Page entertained such feelings; but my private affairs you will excuse me from discussing with a mere stranger."

"Ah, pardon my dear, I did not think you would take my good intentions in this way. After the doctor had spoken to me so unreservedly of his grievances, I thought it my duty as a matron and a mother to warn you as I would my own child were it necessary. Only Marguerite is very prudent—her contact with the world and my teachings have made her very wary. Your husband and I are not unlike in our way of thinking. I do not believe in rearing a girl like a wood violet, then plunging her in to a hotbed of cultivation. She must necessarily suffer through the change of temperature. Men are always ready to take advantage of these things."

"I think you are altogether wrong, Mrs. Joselyn," said Berenice, as the hot blood surged to her cheeks. "The natural sturdiness of the wild flower, and its fredom from contamination with the hotbeds of vice and shame, must prove a great support. The shock, the sense of moral nausea at the mere mention of secret liaisons and intrigue, is too great to be easily overcome, while to the cultivated bud of society, the ear and conscience soon become deadened to the sense of shame—so commonly is it flaunted before their eyes; and the methods of secrecy so well known are apt to prove an inducement to wrong doing."

"Oh, my dear, unsophisticated child," said her companion laughing lightly, "it is not the real guilt that the world condemns, it is not the wrong which you actually do that hurts you, it is only what appears to be wrong. Indeed you are much more independent of your own conscience than you are of the world's opinion. To fool the world is the only way to get on with it. This you will learn too late my child, if you do not take my advice. To speak personally, I will say that I have no thought of what your relations and Dr. Monteith's may be, you are probably nothing to each other. But if you blush and tremble at his least touch and glance, and your eyes follow his every movement, why then society grows curious and begins to hint grave things."

When she had ceased speaking, Berenice's eyes were suffused with hot tears of indignation, which her pride would not let fall. She only answered calmly, with a touch of sadness in her voice:

"Your world is all so wrong, Mrs. Joselyn, I am glad to know that I am not in it, where one must be misunderstood and their pure thoughts and impulses turned to wrong, while it winks its eye at secret vice. It is a sad, sad thing to know. The wisdom which you have imparted moves my pity for human ordinances and human weakness."

"But really, Mrs. Page, you do not intend to shut yourself from the world, you with your beauty and wealth."

"By your own words, Mrs. Joselyn, I can lose nothing in so doing and might gain much in the way of escaping harsh and unjust criticism. Beside, it would constantly grieve and distress me to see such injustice, such hypocrisy. It is my desire to interest myself in the lower walks of life, but from your conversation I am pained to realize that after all, education, culture and refinement mean so little. That life is so lacking in seriousness and humanity so frivolous, so debased and hypocritical. It is not alone the lower classes that need uplifting. When it comes to the question of principle I am inclined to think the lower strata cannot be taught by the upper. I am almost persuaded that our philanthropists are wrong. They should begin at the upper crust, the higher strata and work down; otherwise society will tear down as fast as christianity can build up its characters."

After a few commonplace remarks on other subjects, Mrs. Joselyn rose and hurriedly took her departure. As she turned to go, she said sweetly:

"I am sorry, my dear, that you have gotten such old fashioned notions into your pretty head, but they won't last."

Upon reaching home, Mrs. Joselyn sought her daughter in not a very amiable frame of mind.

"Do tell me, mamma, I am wild to know, is the wood-violet really in love with Dr. Monteith?"

"Don't be so blunt in your speech, Marguerite, it grates upon me."

"But I am fairly irredescent mamma, and you have always said we could afford to be honest with ourselves."

"Well, yes, I suppose she is," answered the matron, who seemed preoccupied in thought. "And I think you will have little chance at him, especially if you depend upon meeting him socially. He will not be at Mrs. Nelson's. I could do nothing with her, she is so entete. She seems determined to see nothing of the social world and in that event of course he will not. She has some crazy notion of philanthropy in her head and seems to prefer to pass her time in the slums. She certainly has my permission. She should have been a religieuse."

"And so you think she is really in love with him?"

"Yes, without a doubt. But I did not have to go there to know that. Only her blushes and manner confirmed my suspicions."

"Ah, so you found her very easy then?"

"On the contrary, very difficult. But I really think it is an absurd, old fashioned love affair; and the love will very likely last since marriage is impossible with them, and she is doubtless as pure as an uncultivated anemone."

"Humph, I think she fooled you mamma, if she did she is very clever. A man never entertains any pure love for a married woman. He will toss her over yet when he has tested her purity to his satisfaction."

"Well, I found that with all her wildwood training, about which her dear husband enlightened me, she is perfectly capable of protecting and defending herself. I must confess that she somewhat turned the tables on me. I managed to let her know, however, that she could not afford to accept his attentions."

"I suppose," said Margurite lazily, "nothing remains for me to do but to become an interesting invalid in fetching negliges. I shall not give him up on the mere suspicion that some other woman is wildly in love with him. Besides, dear mamma, your daughter has some attractions of her own."

"Not comparatively speaking," said her mother.

"Oh, I do not mean in looks especially," said Marguerite quickly, "but I have not flirted and trifled all these years for nothing. I have become quite an artist and am ready to back my knowledge of men and their work, susceptible natures, and my powers of coquetry against her simple ignorance, her beauty and untried virtue. Then my form is quite a recommendation you know, said the voluptuous blonde. "If I only had hands and feet like you mamma. I have a hand and foot like a domestic."

"You weary me, child, what does beauty amount to at this day and age. Men are no longer slaves to beauty, but to Mammon. A modern Paris, would be an unique character indeed. While you are wishing, you had better wish for a few million, it would do you better service. In that event you might have some choice, but as matters stand, I see nothing for you to do but to marry the Senator and have done with it. I am wearied of your wild goose chasing, it never brings you anything."

"I wouldn't so much mind if I could give him an Undine kiss after the ceremony. But to think of being forced to live with him mamma. He is so ugly that with all his money and position, I could hate him for that fault alone."

"Foolish girl that you are, Marguerite, I surmise that you are half in love with this young doctor, and would take him without a dollar if you could, you are so crazy over handsome men."

"You guessed only half right, mamma, for I am wholly consumed with love for this big, handsome fellow; what girl is not? He is the very empyream of culture. I wish that Clement were not such a boy, he might win the beauty's love and help me out. Just to see how things go wrong. Your son and daughter both insanely in love and all to no purpose!"

"Marguerite you shame me with your bavardage."

Well, mamma, if nothing comes of this, I promise to be sensible as you say and marry Senator Flower. I will be so reckless and skeptical by that time, I can do so with very good grace no doubt."

"It will all come to the same thing anyhow," her mother replied. "In a few years you will cease to care for any man, and if you marry the Senator you will only escape a world of heartaches and suffering before you reach that stage of indifference which we all come to as we realize the great disparity between the ideal and the real."

"But it seems, mamma, if I ever loved a man truly, I must love him always."

"It is possible with a woman my dear," said her mother yawning, "but what is the good of it so long as a man cannot. Believe me, the fickle nature is the happy one."

"Would not our minister be shocked to hear you talk so mamma?" asked Marguerite laughing.

"Undoubtedly. But he would also fill your head so full of delusions, you would have to spend the rest of your days in tearing them down. He would have you married in less than a year to some bank clerk, who would have nothing to offer you but a languishing sigh, which would eventually turn to a groan as the bills came in, and he would soon be apostophising your faults instead of your virtues. I wish to guard you against making such a mistake."

"But I might marry both love and money," persisted Marguerite.

"But what is the use? It were better not, for love at its best will not last much beyond the honeymoon. Love was never intended to endure, it is only the veneer of married life."

"For a short time, I know, it seems you touch the heights, but it always goes, this feeling; it seems to soar to the skies and never come back again."

"But I would have that much out of it, which is better than never loving at all."

"Ah, that is where you and the poets are all wrong, my dear. It is all cant. It is all right to sing about but quite another thing to live. For the few hours that you seem to dwell in a flower bestrewn Elysium, think of the weary years of bitterness. For with this love goes all the sunshine of your life, and leaves nothing but eternal night. You become pessemistic, morbid, bitter; with always that tugging at the heart strings. No, play at love if you will, my child, but never become serious."

"Yes, mamma, that is what I have been doing for the past four years and I can think of nothing more stupid or wearing. I wouldn't mind a rousing romance by way of a change; even though I were left to the fate of the weeping Ariadne."

"Nonsense, Marguerite, I believe that you need just such an experience to set you right—to put some sensible ideas into your head. I had thought to save you the suffering, but since you are so perverse, I might as well let you have your way at once. The sooner you are over it the better I suppose. So if you are determined to make a fool of yourself over Dr. Monteith, you have my permission."

"I am glad to know that you take this sensible view of it mamma, for if we fought over the question until we both resembled the Kilkenny cats, we would come no nearer agreeing."

CHAPTER XI.

Maurice watched impatiently each mail, hoping to receive a letter from his father in answer to his own. After a week had passed by and he had about reached the verge of despondency, it came. Eagerly he broke the seal and as he unfolded the letter, his eyes dilated to see the draft pinned inside.

"Quite a sum of money," he confided to himself, "but if it will buy her freedom and happiness it is a small thing to consider. Of course he will take it," he mused, "when he finds that she is determined to stand pat on her own fortune. But as the little doctor hung on for a week longer, he grew despondent and was just about to write for a similar amount, when he was surprised one morning by his uncle's deciding to leave for the west immediately to look after his mining interests. He would take the paltry sum offered as he needed it at once in a scheme which he wished to set afloat. Maurice could take the business at his own figure, and his wife could sue for desertion. He would never return to Chicago; he always hated the practice of medicine and would henceforth interest himself in another way. In another year he would have a cool million out of one mine alone. He was anxious to get away.

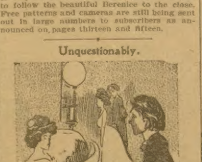
At last everything had been arranged, and as the little doctor stepped into the carriage and was driven away and she felt she had looked upon his face for the last time, Berenice fell upon her knees in a prayer of thanksgiving.

She did not know that Maurice had purchased her freedom, but was led to believe that he left hurriedly to avoid the exposure of other misdeeds which had been raked up. His practice as a physician opened the doors to many wealthy homes, and paved the way to the hearts of many unsuspecting wives and daughters, from whom he managed to either borrow or exhort money. For notwithstanding his unattractive physique, the little doctor had a great power of fascination where he cared to exert his influence.

Immediately following his departure, Maurice sent for his spinster aunt, Celia Armstrong, as chaperon to Berenice, and hurried to New York. His father had concluded to turn over to him his inheritance, he explained, and his presence was needed.

This highly interesting story of a woman's unfortunate marriage leads in future chapters to very dramatic results. Readers will do well to follow the beautiful Berenice to the close. Free patterns and cameras are still being sent out in large numbers to subscribers as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

Unquestionably.



Maud—Don't you think Miss Pamode has a very negative kind of character?

Jones—Yes; I understand she has refused eight proposals this season.

Occasionally a foolish young man flatters a girl until she gets too stuck up to speak to him.

I CURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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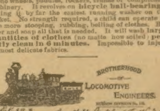

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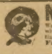

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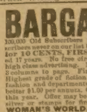

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Justifiable Homicide.

"Prisoner, you are charged with attacking this unoffending citizen and half killing him. Have you anything to say for yourself?"

"Your honor, it was this way: He came up and asked me if it was cold enough for me and I——

"That will do. You are discharged. Next time finish the job or I'll give you thirty days."

And She Did.

Wife (an invalid)—The end is near, John. I'm sinking fast. Be a kind father to the motherless children.

Husband—Oh, don't worry about the motherless children. I'll soon get another mother for them.

Wife (sitting up in bed)—Oh, you will, eh? Well, I guess you won't. I'll get well now if it kills me.

Gave Himself Away.

"Cuurd," said the passenger with the gratee, "you elevated railroad people don't know how to warm your cars. The heating arrangement ought to be on the floor instead of under the seats."

"For heaven's sake, Hiram," whispered the passenger's wife, "don't tell everybody in the car you've got cold feet!"

Too Many Heads.

Patient's Wife—If you cannot decide what is the matter with my husband, hadn't you better call in some other physicians for consultation?

Family Doctor—Mercy, no, madam. My ideas are confused enough already.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Those New-Year Resolutions.

Meadowbrook—How fine this world would be if we should all keep the good resolutions we make on New Year's day, instead of breaking them all within a week.

Hempstead—Yes! I guess the few days after New Year's, each year, will be about as near as we will ever get to the millennium.

Reminiscenses.

He—Ah, those days of our young love! You remember that afternoon you promised to meet me, and didn't come? How I raved!

She—Just like a man! And there was I suffering agonies trying on that dress you liked so much.

Book of Wonders Free.

We have 1000 Wonder Books which we are going to give away to the readers of this paper. The book contains thousands of strange, weird and interesting scientifious facts and queer things. It tells the meaning of dreams, how to tell fortunes, how to cast a horoscope, how to make lucky charms and contains many valuable formulas and money-making secrets. We will give two of these books free to every person who gets up a club of two yearly subscribers to BOYCE'S MONTHLY at our special rate of 25 cents a year in advance. We will not sell these books or give them away excepting to persons who get up a club of two subscribers getting one subscriber besides yourself, and send us 50 cents and the two copies and the two books will be sent to you prepaid, and if you are not thoroughly satisfied, we will give you your money back.

Expressive.

Biter (after reading his poem)—Now, what do you think of it?

Critick—Well——

Biter—Of course, I know the meter is a little slow, but——

Critick—Yes, I was going to say its feet appear to be asleep.

Uniformly Heated.

"How do you like the face?" asked his Satanic Majesty of the new arrival.

"Well, there is one thing in its favor," rejoined the n. s., who had formerly lived in a flat; "you have a janitor that knows his business."

A Cure for the Tobacco Habit.

Mrs. J. Kay, P. 1028 High Street, Des Moines, Iowa, has discovered a harmless and inexpensive remedy for the tobacco habit, which has cured her husband and hundreds of others. Any druggist can put it up. The prescription and directions sent free for a stamp to pay postage.

A Cruel Stab.

Mr. Fuleish—I think of getting a new hat. Would you suggest the style it shall be?

Miss Sexsil—Why don't you get one of those new ones that have holes in them for the ears?

No Hitch.

Mr. Coops—Wasn't there some kind of a hitch about the wedding of Mr. Spoonleigh and Miss Mooney?

Mr. Woops—No; the groom did not show up, and so there wasn't any hitch at all.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"Great Scott! I've upset the ink on my wife's writing desk!

"Heavens! I must blot it up quick with my handkerchief before she sees it.

"Oh, gee! Now, it's all over the rug!

"No; there is nothing the matter, dear!"

BLACK AND RICH

Is the Way Postum Coffee Should Be.

A liquid food that will help a person break a bad habit is worth knowing of. The president of one of the state associations of the W. C. T. U., who naturally does not want her name given, writes as follows: "Whenever I was obliged to go without coffee for breakfast a dull, distracting headache would come on before noon. I discovered that, in reality, the nerves were crying out for their accustomed stimulant.

At evening dinner I had been taught by experience that I must refrain from coffee or pass a sleepless night. In the summer of 1900, while visiting a physician and his wife I was served with a most excellent coffee at their dainty and elegant table, and, upon inquiry, discovered that this charming beverage was Postum Food Coffee, and that the family had been greatly benefited by leaving off coffee and using Postum.

I was so in love with it, and so pleased with the glimpse of freedom from my one bondage of habit and so thoroughly convinced that I ought to break with my coffee, that upon my return home I at once began the use of Postum Food Coffee and have continued it ever since, now more than a year.

I don't know what sick headache is now, and my nerves are steady and I sleep sound generally eight hours regularly. I used to become bilious frequently and require physic, now seldom ever have that experience.

I have learned that long boiling is absolutely essential to furnish good Postum. That makes it clear, black and rich as any Mocha and Java blend. Please withhold my name, but you may use the letter for the good it may do."

What She Wanted.

Mrs. Simpleton—I want to get a dog.

Dealer in Dogs—Yes'm. What kind do you want—a pug, a fox terrier, St. Bernard, Irish setter, or—

Mrs. Simpleton—No; I want to get one of those ocean greyhounds that I've read about in the papers.

Oh, Shocking!

Mrs. Peppery (smiling)—The bride was attired in a simple gown of ivory satin, trimmed with orange blossoms. Senator De Puns wore a white flower in his buttonhole.

Mr. Peppery—Goodness! Suppose he had forgotten the flower and had worn that buttonhole plain.

No Heat, No Fire.

"Of course you have your furniture insured?"

"No; I don't see the use of it."

"Your flat is fireproof, eh?"

"Seems to be. There's never the slightest suspicion of heat in it."

A Queer Landlord.

Wife—Just think of it, George—the landlord told me we'd have to move if we did not pay our rent.

George—Well, does he think if we could pay our rent we'd have stayed here as long as we have?

Presence of Mind.

"I think it was the most touching play I ever saw, yet there sat Maud Gardingborn as dry-eyed as could be."

"Because she knew she would have to be dry-cheeked when she came out under the glare of the electric light."

Very Unwelcome.

Sandy Pike—You don't look very pleasant, pard. Did yer get a hand-out at de last house?

Billy Coalgate—Yes, but de hand dat cum was in de shape of a closed fist.

An Unexpected Happening.

Caller—Is the editor in?

The Imp—No; Gone home.

Caller—Not ill, I hope.

The Imp—Nope. Wife telephoned baby was asleep. Went home to see what it looked like.

What Becomes of Them.

"Some men seem born to command and yet do not fulfill our expectations," said the Wise Guy.

"Maybe they get married," suggested the Simple Mug.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. Mrs. L. V. HUNTER, South Bend, Ind.

To Prevent "Shyness."

Pokeleigh—What is that quotation about a "watched pot?"

Forcibun—I don't know, but I can assure you that I never sat in a game where the pot wasn't watched pretty closely.

An Insinuation.

New Boarder—How long have you been taking meals here?

Old Boarder—About three years.

New Boarder—Thanks. Would you mind introducing me to the butter?

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Asked and Answered.

Reporter—To what do you attribute your long life?

Centenarian—Perseverance. Just perseverance. I kept on livin' in spite of everything.

Why He Refrained.

Judge—The officer says you were so drunk you couldn't tell him your name.

Prisoner—I was afraid if I did he'd put me in a hack and send me home, your honor.

Storyettes.

Broke Him of Borrowing.

People who are continually borrowing household utensils and neglect to return them are annoying neighbors. The problem of how to cure them of the habit was solved in an effective though somewhat costly way by one long-suffering householder.

A new man had moved into the neighborhood. One of the first things he did, after getting his goods into the house, was to borrow a step-ladder from his next-door neighbor, Mr. Smith. He "needed it in putting up his window-shades," and "would return it shortly."

Next he borrowed a tack hammer, to use in putting down his carpets.

Then he wanted a hatchet, a screw-driver and a gimlet, all of which things Mr. Smith, being an accommodating man, allowed him to take.

Several days passed and one of the borrowed articles had been returned.

"I'll cure him," said Mr. Smith.

About a week later the new neighbor came back with the screw-driver, and apologized for having kept it so long.

"That's all right," said Mr. Smith, with a genial smile. "But you had better keep it now. I have bought another."

With a muttered apology the new neighbor turned back and returned with the gimlet, the hatchet and the tack-hammer.

"You are welcome to those," said Mr. Smith, cordially. "I have bought some others and don't need them."

"But——"

"That's all right. You keep them. They'll come handy about the house."

Again he went away, and was returning with the step-ladder when Mr. Smith, who was just coming out, met him.

"Why, bless me," he said, "you needn't bring the ladder back. I have got a new one, so I shall not need it."

The new neighbor kept the things, but he never borrowed anything more of Mr. Smith.

An Antiquated Bill.

A man at least 80 years old came into the office of Representative Wadsworth of New York a few days ago. Mr. Wadsworth was out, but the caller invited him to have a seat and wait for the congressman to return.

"My name is William," said the caller, "and I came in to see if Mr. Wadsworth would pay a bill that I have against him."

"Of course he will," remarked the clerk. "Let me see it, and I will probably be able to settle it and save you the trouble of waiting for him."

The old man passed the bill over to the clerk, whose face grew long as he saw that the bill was made out against the father of the congressman, who was killed in the civil war.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this is against General Wadsworth, who has been dead nearly forty years!"

The old man said he knew that very well, but he thought it would do no harm to see if the son would not settle it.

"I heard just a few days ago that the general was dead, but, as I had planned to come on in a few days to ask him for the money, I would not see the son. You see, Mr. Wadsworth's father bought that pair of horses from me, and I never got the money then, but I think I do now, and that's why I came."

A few questions elicited the fact that Mr. Williams lived twenty-five miles from the city, and that he had walked every foot of the way. The clerk urged the old man to postpone his visit when he began to get fidgety after waiting more than an hour for the congressman.

"No," said he, "I guess I'd better toddle along and get back so as to take care of the stock."

And he toddled. But a registered letter followed him, and it was for $50 more than the face of the bill.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Man of Intuition.

"I had just come back to the store from my lunch one day," said the merchant, as burglar-proof safes were under discussion, "when a middle-aged man with a hard-up look entered my private office after me. The object of his call was to strike me for half a dollar, and I am surprised yet that I didn't at once turn him down. I guess it was because he had the look of a first-class mechanic out of a job, and because trade was rushing with me. To accede to his request I had to open my big safe, and as I handed him my quarter he thanked me and added:

"'Excuse me, sir, but isn't that safe of yours too dead easy?'

"'How do you mean?' I asked.

"'Why, it's a four-number combination, but you have it set only to two. I think I could open it in a couple of minutes.'

"If you can I'll give you $5,' I said, feeling a little nettled at the disparagement. I shut and locked the door and stood back for him, and in less than forty seconds he had swung it open.

"'I told you it was dead easy,' he said, without a smile.

"But how did you get on to the combination?'

"Oh, it's intuition, I guess. Better call in a man and have the lock set on four numbers. It could be opened then, but it might take an hour or two. Thanks again, and good day.'

"I didn't let the grass grow under my feet," continued the merchant, "and from that day on I carried a heap less money in the safe. The man might have been a mechanic, but somehow I've always had the idea that he was a safe-cracker, and that I made a good investment when I handed him over that $5.00. He might have got $2,000 that night as easy as rolling off a log."

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In the Interest of Science.

When one's friend is a scientist and given to experiments, a little caution may not be out of place before consenting to do him a favor. That, however, did not occur to a certain well-known public man whose experience is related in an Australian paper. He went to the laboratory of an old schoolmate, a Melbourne professor of chemistry, to make a friendly call. The professor was studying a dark brown substance spread out on a sheet of paper.

"I say," he cried, when greetings had been exchanged, "would you kindly let me place a bit of this on your tongue? My taste has become vitiated by trying all sorts of things."

"Certainly," responded the accommodating friend, and he promptly opened his mouth.

The professor took up some of the substance under analysis and put it on his friend's tongue. The man worked it around in his mouth for fully a minute, tasting it much as he might have tasted a choice confection.

"Note any effect?" asked the professor.

"No, none."

"It doesn't paralyze or prick your tongue?"

"Not that I can detect."

"I thought not. There are no alkaloids in it, then. How does it taste?"

"Bitter as gall."

"Hem-m-m! All right."

By this time the visitor's curiosity was aroused. "But what is it, anyhow?" he inquired.

"I don't know. That's what I'm trying to find out. Someone has been poisoning horses with it."

The Memory of Her Boy.

An American woman, a noted reader and elocutionist, relates a touching incident in which she had a part during her stay in England. The present queen, then Princess of Wales, gave a luncheon on board the royal yacht. The elocutionist received an invitation, and accepted. Among the royal personages present was the sad-eyed, beautiful Eugenie, the dethroned Empress of the French, who still grieved for her son, killed by the Zulus of South Africa.

"After lunch, and during the idle hour before tea was served," says the elocutionist, "the princess asked me if I would recite something. I had often recited for her royal highness before, but on this occasion she wished me to do so especially for the Empress Eugenie.

"I asked the princess if she had any choice as to what I should recite. She said no, but suggested one of the many characteristic little American poems she had heard me recite before. So I decided to give 'Kentucky Belle.'

"Most Americans know the poem, with its pathetic story of a thoroughbred horse which a woman gave to one of Morgan's riders, a 16-year-old boy whom she had nursed from death to life, to carry him back to his home.

"The empress was close to me. I saw the tears gradually gather in her great, sad eyes, and fall silently down her pale cheeks. I had touched, and touched deeply a chord. Her memory took her back to Africa, where her dead boy lay pierced to the heart by the spears of the savages.

"When the poem ended the empress rose, and coming up to me, folded me to her heart, and with a voice trembling with emotion, said, 'God bless you, my child. You have made me feel as I have never felt since my poor boy was killed—God bless you. I shall never forget this day.' Then she kissed me and drawing me to a seat by her and holding my hand in hers, she talked to me for a long time."

"I think the divorce laws of the country are a curse."
"Yes; they've parted many a man and wife."

Christmas Cigars.

Ethel (upstairs)—Is papa smoking?
Maude (downstairs)—Yes.
Ethel (resignedly)—All right. I thought something might be burning in the kitchen.

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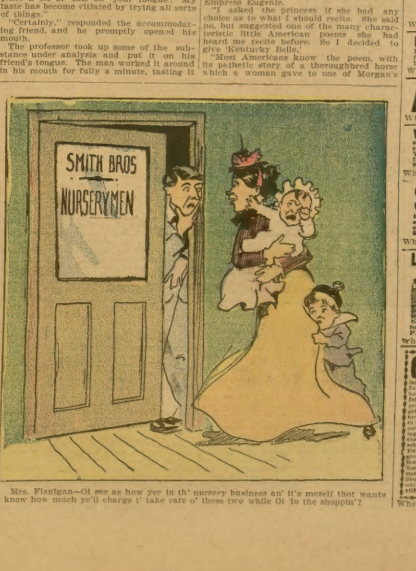

Mrs. Flanigan—Oi see as how yer in th' nursery business an' it's meself that wants t' know how much yo'll charge t' take care o' these two while Oi do the shoppin'?

REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

Oath-Bound Under the Black Flag--Story of Love and Daring in the Chinese Empire.

By ANNA L. SMITH,

Author of "Duchess of the Looms," "Cast Up by the Sea," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

AN ARQUEBUS SCORES.

When Don Emilio and his assassins reached Brabanzo's village after their fruitless search, a great surprise awaited them.

By some strange fate the demented brice had found safe shelter there.

She had been discovered by five hunters, who were searching for a wild buffalo that had become a terror, having killed several members of the tribe.

Wearied with their fruitless hunt, five of the party turned back, leaving two of their number, who refused to abandon the hunt. Their fate we already know.

The five warriors were hastening through the jungle, taking the shortest route to the village, when they suddenly stumbled upon a beautiful white girl, whom they at once discovered to be demented. She was sitting composedly at the foot of a great tree, weaving a garland in weaving a chaplet of bright-hued leaves, her small hands fluttering like white-winged birds as if in haste to complete the floral wreath.

She betrayed not the slightest symptom or alarm as the fierce savages approached.

With the singular superstition which is part and parcel of a savage training, they regarded her as one upon whom the gods had set a seal, a protection more potent than a cordon of bayonets could have been.

Without the slightest hesitation she accompanied her savage protectors to their village. Don Emilio gnashed his teeth in impotent rage, for he found his captive attended by Iano, his Tartar wife, the daughter of Brabanzo, and he realized that while under her protection. Anyone was safe from his murderous vengeance. Iano had a wife with which the maniac was regarded by the natives almost her effectually.

His busy brain was in a moment plotting for some plausible story by which he might deceive his wife, and conceiving the surest means of removing the hapless girl from Iano's protection.

He greeted his almond-eyed spouse with a semblance of the most devoted affection, and then appeared to notice the presence of the maniac girl for the first time.

The start of amazement he gave was the perfection of acting, and his voice expressed the most profound surprise.

"El Diavolo!" he exclaimed. "How fortunate! Here is the prisoner our warriors captured--a most valuable prize; I believed she had slipped through my fingers and that I find her safely caged! She escaped, and we searched in vain for a trace of her, even offering a high ransom. There were two prisoners, this woman and a man, but the man was here in a mood for a sacrifice, and so I was disposed to gratify them--they sent him over the cliff by the old camping ground."

"Fools!" exclaimed Iano, angrily. "women not the foreigner have brought a large ransom?"

"Certainly, but their instinct for blood overcame their love of gain. I am a Spaniard--they might have mutinied, you know."

Iano nodded, perfectly satisfied by the explanation, and he believed the danger of discovery of his motives was over.

"I think her terror during the attack, and the burning of the hacienda unsettled her mind," he continued, reflectively, "but it will make no difference in the ransom."

"The Good Spirit has touched her," answered Iano, joyfully.

"All the better for war," he returned, lightly. "But let us not speak of her. Let us talk of our beautiful boy, of you."

A smile parted her crimson lips, a tender light shone in her eyes as she nestled by her husband's side, and the wily villain knew that the danger he had so feared was averted, but he must remove the captive by some means--not force, but strategy must be employed.

All who had participated in the expedition, with the exception of Mela, Lang Woo and Iano, believed that it was sent for the purpose of booty, and that the captives had been slain because they were a great force.

Of Mela he had not the slightest fear, and his influence was perfectly under the control of the chief, who was already jealous of the growing power and popularity of Ibrahano, and Don Emilio had pledged himself that in case the girl was made captive, he would, in the division of booty, receive the power of Brabanzo, and thus pave the way for the advancement of Mela.

He did not guess that the crafty Boxer chief had quite another motive for lending himself to the plot, and was secretly a deep-rooted hatred for Don Emilio.

Mela had been a suitor for the hand of beautiful Iano, who was a Mestizo, the daughter of the Tartar chief, Brabanzo, and a beautiful Spanish woman who, Desdemona-like, had fled with the stalwart chief and fled from her people to the wilds of the Philippines.

Mela believed that Iano would have reciprocated his passion, but for the scheming of Don Emilio, but when the Spanish officer came with the report of Tartar's beautiful, dusky, black-hearted white man, whom she had learned to love with the fierce devotion only of her nature.

Don Emilio had no real affection for the lovely Mestizo, although she was by far more beautiful than the Spanish senoritas who gladly would have wedded the handsome, scheming officer.

He held she tie that bound him to Iano all naught, nor gave a second thought to the discarded lover who, with all the subtlety of his race, nursed his vengeance and bided his time.

The two brothers of the chief were easily induced to join in the conspiracy against the Spanish officer, whom they secretly hated, and Iano, while Don Emilio was absent on the disastrous attack, he had, in reality, three bitter foes.

Would the hapless, widowed bride recognize the man Don Emilio asked himself, anxiously. He believed not.

Mela had not returned to the village, but had remained with a choice band of warriors, and the time of their return was quite uncertain. Besides, a quick, sharp blow had drawn in utter defiance of his order, and only a few Spanish soldiers.

His Spaniards he could trust, and his chief dependence, his choice band, remained for protection of Iano, and once away from the village with his own soldiers and the captive in his hands, he would follow out the project he had marked out, by slaying the helpless captive.

Complaining of intense thirst, he desired Iano to bring him water from the spring at a short distance from the hut, a request which, as he knew, she obeyed with alacrity.

Now was the time to test the memory of the maniac.

"What is the name of our fair guest?" he asked, in a voice quite inaudible to her. "Say, I ask without giving offense."

"Most assuredly," answered Amoret, "I am Niobe--only the fountain of tears is dry, and my head keeps throbbing--throbbing--burning --burning, and my ears are filled with the sound of rushing waters."

Her voice died away in a whisper, and with a weary sigh she dropped her fair forehead upon her white palm, her golden hair falling about her face and ivory-white arms like a cloud of imprisoned sunbeams.

She was rarely beautiful, even with the light of reason fled from those sapphire eyes, and as Don Emilio regarded her he watched her curiously through the blue curtain of smoke that curled from his cigar, which he was puffing lazily.

Iano presently returned, bearing an earthen pitcher filled to the brim with the cocoanut milk of the cocoanut, and a gourd containing cool water from the spring beneath a huge, rocky shelf.

"Never, oh, never!
Hightod forever,
Never shall she meet with her lover again,"

sang the maniac girl in a plaintive voice.

"She has loved, and the false lover has left her to die," whispered Iano, compassionately.

"Would my Tartar queen die should I forsake her?"

Don Emilio asked the question carelessly, but even he, with his cold, calculating, black heart, was startled by the sudden lightning blaze from the lustrous black eyes, a flash of fiercely latent in that untutored breast, the tigerish snarl, so much removed from her cooing accents when speaking to her husband.

Iano would not die! She would have revenge should her husband prove false--she would cross the deep rivers, she would climb the topmost peak of the mountain, when the lightning is quivering down its steep slopes, to find him, and--kill him! Who would forget love--she would kill him with her own hands and drink his blood!

She sprang to her feet with the bound of a leopardess, all her wild beauty blotted out from the dark, wonderful face, the deep crimson of her lips had paled, the pearly teeth gleamed like those of a beast of prey, preparing for the deadly spring, her slender figure trembled like a wind-swept reed with the force of the ungovernable fury that had awoken.

"My savage bride would prove decidedly dangerous should she discover my infidelity," he shuddered. "I must move with the greatest caution. Unfortunately for me, she has been taught in the English schools, and can understand the language should she suspect, or tell her story, suddenly recover her reason. My life would not be worth a rush--I'm standing upon the crest of a volcano which may engulf me at any moment. Answer nineteen must not remain here for a single hour longer than can be avoided."

He set his teeth hard.

"Yes, I must act with expedition, but the utmost caution, but I swear by the demon whom I serve, that no heaven or hell shall balk me of my purpose. With the aid of Carlos Guzmano, Ferdinando Mercedes and Hernano Tacoma I can remove her from the village, take her to the old shack believed by Don Ibrahano to be one of the haunts of Nonas, and there the interrupted marriage ceremony can be completed, which will leave her executioner, and she shall be buried in the shade of the old tree. Ha! Ha! Even the tigress will be none the wiser. I wonder who built the shack, when it was built, and how it became inhabited by the ghostly warrior, and who the demon is the phantom slayer? I confess it is a mystery which surrounds the spot, and not a demon whom the superstitious fools believe it to be, but I shall solve it, with his Majesty's furnace, but their absurd superstitions are to be turned to account. I believe I have a plan which will prove successful."

Like lightning his thoughts ran, while he stood regarding the beautiful fury with unconcerned mien.

Then he held out his arms, fixing his eyes with a tender gaze upon the crimson face.

Like a tigress, which has died out of the flashing eyes, the mobile lips closed over the pearly teeth, and the fair crest fell forward to the lovely face, the rich carmine flush dyed the cheeks and lips, and like a loving dove she nestled in his arms, while he soothed her with loving words and fervid kisses under which the red lips responded to coral.

At length, unloosing her clinging arms, he offered her a cocoanut and left her with the sauntering away in search of his confederates, but he paused at a short distance, lolling idly beneath a thick network of vines fashioned into a rustic arbor.

Dismissing from his mind the details of the nefarious plot which was to be carried out at the first favorable opportunity, he quickly returned to the shack.

Discovering, after a trivial errand, he opened a medicine case, which he had provided for his own use, and which was part of the outfit of the false Tartar habitation.

Unlocking the case, he hurriedly took the most powerful narcotic, locked the casket and placed the key in his pocket.

A village-keeper such as is used for the storage of fruit, was suspended from a bamboo pole, serving as a hammock, and he was well content to notice that the maniac girl was lying therein, apparently asleep.

Approaching her noiselessly with chloroform, he placed it near her face, waiting until the fumes had fully overpowered her, then, adding a portion of the vial, he drew a plea cloth over the face of the sleeping, partially hidden occupant from view, and confining the pungent exhalation.

He then drenched his handkerchief with a powerful perfume, thus disguising the sweet, pungent odor of the chloroform, and taking the boy in his arms, he administered a powerful drug, in the form of tiny pellets, which he had in his pocket, coaxingly holding his little brown hands for a fresh supply of the sweets.

Then he left the child to sleep in the shade, even to providing the antidote when required, and hurried away to the village, finding leisurely at his cleat, while the little one was prattling and running about in childish glee.

From that moment he began to know the effects of the poison. His limbs became suddenly powerless, his head flushed up with a fire hue as he fell back in his frightened mother's arms.

"It is the baleful influence of yonder witch!" exclaimed Don Emilio theatrically, taking advantage of the superstitious fears of the natives.

"Yes!" She sleeps while a gend has possession of her body! Let her be taken to old Mulata's hut!" he continued.

"Take her away!" Iano assented, excitedly.

Don Emilio summoned two natives, and pointing to the child with his sword, bade them hastily to old Mulata's hut.

Don Emilio had found opportunity to administer an antidote to the poison he had given the child, and meanwhile his brain was busy in concocting a tale to satisfy Iano, and his daughter, an excuse for absenting himself at once.

Fate or chance favored him.

Lang Woo, with a small part of the attacking force, who had straggled in spite of his orders, came in--the same band that had been ordered to remain with Mela in ambush place in the hollow tree.

They were portion of Mela's following, but Mela was still absent.

The death cry of their death chant rose in sanguinous wails as they entered the village, and they were at once surrounded by a crowd of natives.

They had rested for a time, and near midnight had set forth in a plaintive, fully expecting to find their companions at the meeting ground below the cliff, where they arrived only to find them slain, with their warriors lay dead upon the ground.

Their chief had left them but a few moments before, hastening on in advance of his band.

The fanatics were numbed with a mortal terror. None save the War God could have slain their comrades, for not a trace of any human presence was visible, and the terrible mark of the incensed spirit was upon the forehead of the dead bowmen.

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Reaping the Whirlwind.

(Continued.)

when a terrible sight greeted them.

A pale flame flickered over the face of the cliff, and a gigantic form hovered in midair upon the face of the perpendicular wall of rock, enveloped in a dark cloud of smoke, which suddenly dissolved, revealing a skeleton form traced in fire.

The specter arm waved wildly, a blue flame, in the form of a ball, was hurled from the bony fingers, falling at that very feet and vanishing in thin air as it met the earth.

The form upon the cliff had vanished as they watched the flight of the supernatural light, and the moonlight fell upon the dead warriors, the lonely cliff and the running waters beyond the shadow of the bluff.

A deathlike faintness assailed them, a struggling effort and like drunken men they staggered from the camp and rushed into the jungle.

"The specter arm waved wildly, a blue flame."

The Boxer warriors are heres" exclaimed Don Emilio, with a great show of contempt and anger. "With three of my soldiers I will go to the cliff where the War God lights no torch, and conserve we will return in safety!"

CHAPTER XXIV
BURIED ALIVE.

Brabanzo was well pleased with the bravery displayed by his husband and his daughter, and eagerly accepted the proposition, while Don Emilio was elated at the opportunity he sought of showing himself, with only his three trusted confederates, that he might be counted to carry out a glorious scheme.

The yellow moon was shining in tropical splendor when he, with his three merciless villains, Tadeo Guzman, Vittorio Mercetes and Lorenzo Tacosta, left the Tartar village, taking the direction of the Ta-to-hai lake.

Entering old Maleta's shack, which was upon the outskirts of the village, they arrested the old brahmin with a mask of the fiery flavor distilled from the cocoanut, well knowing that in a short time she would be lying in a state of beastly intoxication, leaving the helpless maniac in the power of more merciless villains than the jungle tiger, more to be dreaded than the fierce Boxers.

The trio proceeded, halting in a common broke at a distance from Maleta's hut, where they were shortly joined by their leader.

Crouching in the brake the quartet waited patiently until they were assured that the inhabitants of the village slept soundly.

The silence was unbroken as they crept from their concealment and approached the hut.

Leaving his men at a few yards distance, Don Emilio entered the bamboo dwelling.

As he had anticipated, the copper-brass hag was lying in the center of the hut, in the dreamless sleep of intoxication.

The beautiful captive was sleeping soundly, and as if fate had been but placed in the hands of the villain, her bed had been laid within a bamboo crate, used for the transportation of fruit, and offering a most convenient means of conveying the girl from the hut, and which would serve admirably as a litter.

Raising the light curtain serving as an insect bar, he beckoned his men, and, lifting the crate, without awaking the occupant, they left the hut and made their way into the forest.

They had proceeded but a short distance ere Amenor awoke with a cry which was instantly suppressed by the white, sinewy hand of Don Emilio upon her lips.

She struggled with all a maniac's strength, uttering shrieks after shriek, but the villains had been prepared for this, the bottle of chloroform which he had provided before setting out for Golden Vale was still in his pocket, and saturating a sponge he pressed it to her nostrils.

Her struggles ceased, and she lay a dead weight within the litter.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the party reached their destination, the deserted hut mentioned by Don Emilio, a spot which he had selected as the most secure from visitation and consequently fitted to his purpose.

The cliff was back about within view of the cliff, but who had erected it remained a mystery.

Strange tales had been rife in the native villages among the network of rivers, of strong warriors mysteriously slain by some supernatural agency. Hitherto the victims had been of the northern clans, the Bedouins of the fastnesses, but now Tartars had been attacked by the mysterious power from the nations believed to be the War God, or the Buddhist devil.

According to the account given by the marauders, Mela their leader had been slain by the mysterious power, and they had barely escaped the doom meted to their allies, the bowmen.

The hut stood upon a slight knoll at a point further up the stream than the death camp the cliff upon the opposite side of the river being about midway between the camp and the hut, which was separated from the camp by an almost impenetrable jungle.

Bearing their now conscious but unresisting captive into the hut, they litter her from the bamboo cage and placed her upon her feet.

There was no longer any pretense of calming the victim. Don Emilio was only in haste to have the mockery of a marriage performed, and at once he began to address the object of his helpless girl, and the villainous Englishman, Lord Fairs, known as Count Victoria, mumbled the words of the ceremony so rapidly that, even had the poor girl been possessed of her faculties, she could scarcely have followed his words comprehensively.

The farce was concluded, and the two villains, Tadeo Guzman and Lorenzo Tacosta — styled their names as witnesses. The final act in the hideous drama was concluded.

"Oh, there will be mourning, mourning in Cathay!"

"Oh, there will be mourning at the judgment seat of Christ."

The low, mournful strain rose from the lips of the pale bride, the refrain of a Christian hymn floating mournfully through the air, strangely incongruous with the scene, and ending in a sobbing, faint cry, a piteous moan, and the little bride of an hour sank at Don Emilio's clutch and fluttered to the white breast, from which it seemed never to have left its cradle.

Confident to the signal of his leader, the keen stiletto in the hand of Tadeo Guzman had pierced the breast of the maniac girl.

Like a lily, broken at the stem, she slipped to the ground, a limp, lifeless heap, lying in a strange, distorted attitude, at the very feet of her slayer.

Don Emilio fitted the lifeless burden and laid it within the crate which was to serve as a coffin.

"Follow out a trench with your yataganns deep enough to hide her from any chance observation," commanded Don Emilio in a low, hoarse whisper. "That fire-eating brother and foster-father of the maniac girl is not to be trifled with. Should the cursed Americanos make a descent upon us they are likely to penetrate inland and the devil only knows what."

The spongy sod was readily broken by the heavy, broad bladed knives, and within half an hour a rude spade hastily fashioned from a scrap of wood which had been left there by the Tartars.

The shallow grave was made just outside the hut, and the rough hands placed the crate within the narrow trench.

"Caramba!" exclaimed Tacosta, the least hardened of the villains, with a shudder and a nervous haste the three Spanish soldiers cast in the grave drew the tangled vines over the litter mechanically and the mockery of a burial rudely was concluded.

Scarcely had the villains straightened their forms to an upright position, when a long, blood-curdling shriek through the jungle, so wild, so blood-curdling that it never stood translated, as silent as it turned to stone.

Every eye was fixed upon the cliff from which the cry seemed to rise.

Don Emilio's face paled to an ashen hue, the teeth of his companions chattered with castanets, their limbs shook so violently that their knees knocked together.

A horrible apparition greeted their sight! Clearly defined upon the rugged face of rock, which was quivering under a blue lame, was a gigantic skeleton, seemingly suspended midway between the base and summit, the fleshless, bony arms, the gaping jaws, the skull, the fleshless arms, the gaping jaws and the skeleton limbs

A bony finger, which was white as chalk, the terrible specter held a ruminous sword, wavering in the air above the center of the skull, which nodded horribly, with a lifelike motion of mirth.

For the second time during his sinful life, Don Emilio Lorrance stood transfixed with the appalling horror which only a few feet were glued to the earth where he stood.

"El Diavolo!" gasped Tacosta, his trembling together, his tongue nearly paralyzed, as his utterance failed him.

"El Demonio!" shuddered Guzman, "he is come to claim me!"

The harrowing yell he stretched out his arms as if to ward off the grasp of the phantom, and as if in response to his frantic cry, the crack of two rifles broke with startling force and reverberating through the forest like thunder peals.

Tadeo Guzman leaped high in air, pressed his still blood-stained hands to his forehead, reddened with his own blood which mingled with the life current of Amenor Amore, as he fell heavily at the feet of his comrades A ball had pierced his brain.

This story of extraordinary scenes and actions in the far East will be continued through several years, revealing the weird customs and characteristics of the Chinese people and showing the influence of the Christian nations on the Flowery Kingdom. All subscribers to the Ledger are sure to receive a copy of every, as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

* * *

A Put Up Job.

A young reporter of New York city, who was fired with the ambition of securing to distinguish himself, persistently bothered his editor for a special assignment, that he might write something which would make the hair of the readers stand on end.

After many unsuccessful proposals, our young friend volunteered to spend a night at the Blackwell's Island insane asylum, in the violent ward. A man of genius, he said, would, with one exception, write up the article that would take the city by storm, and sell thousands of papers.

The editor thought this was a good chance to give his ambitious reporter a sickening, so he packed him off at once, with a letter of introduction to a friend of his, a doctor in the Blackwell's Island asylum, and asked the physician to scare the life out of the young aspirant and charge up the bill to the city.

The hair-raising article never appeared in the paper and the following payday one young man did not call for his salary.

However, that young man turned up at his club, and, in return for friendly inquiries, volunteered the following narrative

The doctor ordered me to be put in a room that was padded and had a crib in it to sleep in, covered with a shutter that could be fastened down. When the key turned in the lock I was sorry I had come. The shrieks of the people in the adjoining wards raised my hair, and I wondered if I should stand it till morning.

Suddenly a face appeared at the hole in my door, and I told me to put my mouth up to the hole and take my medicine like a man. I didn't want any medicine and he said it would be better for me to take it that way than to compel him to come in, as I would have to take it.

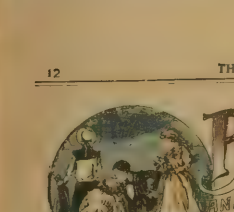
I told him to go to Jericho or New Jersey with his medicine. He opened the door and came in, poured out a dose in a spoon, and came up to me. I told him I was not crazy, and did not need medicine; I said I was a city reporter on special duty, and that if he did not go away I would hit him in the solar plexus. He said he never knew any lunatic that was violent, except one or two city journalist must take his medicine like a man, and he was there for me with the spoon.

I knocked the spoon out of his hand, and then he took me around the body in a professional manner (I cannot explain how), pinioned my arms, and, before I knew it, the medicine was down my throat. Great powders are quick to operate. I can state it now. He went out as calmly as he came in, and I was left to commune with God and him with, but everything was screwed down in the padding.

I thought he had made a mistake in the room, and was giving me medicine that was intended for some other lunatic. I let him know that the medicine I was taking was not intended for me. I made two more frequent doses of poison every quarter of an hour. I was still thinking of it when the villain came again and said it was time to take another dose. Then I thought he was a fanatic who had got possession of my key and was practicing on me in his insane wandering about the corridor.

"I was afraid of him, but he came in and tackled me. I struggled with him as best I could; but he got me down, and by some means poured the vile stuff down my neck, and when I got up to the door and pounded for the doctor, and the other lunatics thought I was a lunatic and they yelled, too.

"That attendant came again and again. One time he put me in a straight-jacket, and poured the stuff down my throat. At another time he had eight powerful men



EB NICKERSON'S SPOOK;

The Golden Giant With Diamond Eyes—A Thrilling Story for Old and Young.

By Orlando R. Mora.

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Begun in No. [illegible] of Boys and Girls Corner. Those who did not begin with that issue, or the [illegible] can have the same procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CAPTER VIII.

"EB NICKERSON'S SPOOK."

"What's that comin', Silas?" asked the old lady, for the moment forgetting the troubles of her many high-born heroines. "What's comin' now, Silas, did ye say?"

"Constable Prim. Keep things hot, Amy, for he may want a snack. I'm goin' out to do the honors in the house."

Uncle Silas rose and passed outside and shut the door carefully after him.

As he emerged from the house a tall, lithe man with coal-black horse stopped his prancing animal right before him. He was a splendid animal right enough—strong, cleanly, shrewd appearing man of middle age and was armed with a big knife and a heavy colt's revolver which were thrust in his belt.

"Good mornin', Uncle Silas."

"Good mornin', Constable Prim."

"Are ye hot?"

"Strictly prime."

"That's right. How's Aunt Amy?"

"She's in that a passin' herself 'cause she had to stop readin' an' git a dinner for the travelers."

"An' tis them fellows I'm lookin' for. Who are they? How are?"

"One of 'em 's Zeke Stebbins, the apple tree agent, t'other 's a feller what's a boy—Silas calls 'im Barry."

"Well, didn't you put that horses in yer barn, Uncle Silas?"

"Yes."

"Well, I want to see 'em."

"What's the horses or the man and boy?"

"The horses, of course."

"On right out to the barn an' look at 'em."

"I'll do it, an I hope Zeke won't see me, nor the boy either, for I'm goin' to run for sheriff next time an' I don't want to make no one mad at me except such as I'm obliged to. Zeke an' the boy's all right, but I'm out lookin' at horses an' I'm goin' to look at 'em. Will here, Uncle Silas."

As Constable Prim rode toward the barn, the door of the house opened a little and Aunt Amy thrust out her head and said querulously:

"Say you, Silas Green, don't ye know you's ratch your death o' cold out thar? Don't you remember how Sir Egremont Rushleam come to his end in the "Cavalier of Cranston Road; or A Poor Girl's Love for a Titled Nabob? He jist stood outside the castle watchin' the senators fishin' the drawbridge one backward spring day, jist like this, an' contracted a fever, shudderin' fever, o' the blood, an' it took 'im off in no time. Come in an' git yer overcoat or come in an' set in. Nobody knows what a day 'll bring forth, as the Cavalier of Famine said to the Knight o' the Thirsty Flag, in The Sword-swallower of Senegambia, or The Lorn and Lovely Lady of the Lake. What's business is it, my good man, that brings you mission of the law here this day in such unseemly weather as this, and contrary to feeling, or by my halidoms I shall be tempted to try upon thy hulking shape the temper of my blade?"

"Shut up, Amy, an go inside. Prim has a little private business. I'll tell you all I know about it as soon as we're done again. Give them fellows plenty o' grub an' keep 'em in good cheer. I'll be with you in a York minute."

"Jis' Silas, I obey you but this once, and if you play false, beware. Remember, sir, that the Spanish donna can find a way to have revenge! She should her clenched fist at the turd spouse, stamped hard with both feet and, throwing back her head, approached the table at which sat Zeke and Barry.

Ah!" she almost hissed, "My noble soul abhors deceit, but I must dissemble, as Cristof, the secret agent of the king, and in The Days of Death'or, the Mystery of the Neapolitan Court." Then she said aloud:

Most gentle seignora, Aunt Amy fain would know the pleasure of her guests. Thy slightest wish shall be her law. To fitly serve you is her joy, and such is wish of our good Silas, who's ere long will return."

Zeke and Barry listened long and loud at the old lady's magnificent language and could scarcely reply for choking.

"Dad hen ge!" she exclaimed. "What ignoramuses you be. Do ye want anything more?" If ye dew, speak up an' you'll git it mighty quick. If Silas Green wants to keep tavern an' entertain all kinds o' impecunious ragtag an bob-tail, I wish he'd stay in an be polite to 'em, for somehow, with my supper he'd other, they find it hard to fit themselves to my high intellectual grocve."

A little more meat, Aunt Amy," said Zeke, still shaking with laughter as much at Barry's confession of surprise as at the old woman's words and manner, "is a proper thing to-day."

"Well, then, ye'll git another helpin', an' then ye'll git more if ye still want it an when ye've eaten yer sufficiency, stuffed yerself amazingly an' felt quite lapsarian, segatiated, be good enough to let me know I may go on to read a little more now."

In a moment she had attended to their wants and had got the "Merk'ry" down under the lamp, and Zeke and Barry had forgotten their very existence.

Meantime the constable Prim had come back from the stable and was again in conversation with Uncle Silas.

"Them horses is all right. They belong to Saul More, over to Morgue Corners, sure enough, but you can't blame him that he's got to look at all strange horses that comes into the neighborhood.

"Yes, I s'pose so. Is the boss committy purty active now?" inquired Uncle Silas.

"I should say he is. He just go in an' talk a little with Zeke Stebbins an' find out if the boss there can be a cuttin' up any round the Corners of late."

"All right, I guess I'll go on."

Prim tied to sturdy black horse and followed Uncle Silas into the house. Aunt Amy was too much absorbed in the story she was reading to respond to the constable's greeting and Prim at once addressed Zeke.

"Any horses missin' around the Corners?"

"Not as I've heard of—have you heard of any, Barry?"

"No," answered the boy.

"Have you Saul More's boy?" the constable asked Barry.

"Yes, sir."

"I see you've got your pap's horses with you."

"Yes, Zeke an' I are goin' to ride 'em over beyand."

"Where ye goin' 'way over beyand, Zeke?" asked the constable with interest.

"That's what we started for."

"What takes ye that?"

"Goin' to see what we can find."

"Oh, prospectin', eh?"

Zeke nodded.

"They say that's all thar."

"Maybe there is, an' the boy wants to see the mysterious mounds."

"Well, I don't know as 'im, I'd like to know who built 'em an' what's in 'em. No one seems to know. I've heard that there be.

That's a newcomer, Uncle Silas."

The door had opened and a striking figure had advanced into the room.

When he saw this figure, Zeke Stebbins turned white.

"Eb Nickerson's spook!" breathed Barry.

Aunt Amy dropped the "Merk'ry" and gasped.

CHAPTER IX.

"MORAL PINTS."

"My Lord!" the boy said under his breath "That's Eb Nickerson's spook! What 'ud pap say if he could see it now?"

The figure moved until it was confronted by Uncle Silas Green, who offered it his best smile of greeting and his most courteous bow.

"Welcome, stranger," he said. "What can we do for ye? Speak up if you're hungry."

"That's what I am," replied the newcomer in a voice so unearthly that Barry said he told that Zeke and Barry were reassured somewhat

"All right. Then off with yer duds and to work."

The stranger was tall and thin, with big black eyes, overhung with bushy, whitening eyebrows, and had a dark, thin, sunken face. His movements were awkward, and as he laid off his slouch hat and seized his overcoat, to divest himself of it, he stepped back involuntarily and pressed one of his large, thickly booted feet squarely on Aunt Amy's "Merk'ry."

The old woman gave him a quick and violent push and rescued her beloved paper only to find that there was a dirty mud spot, the size of the sole of the man's boot right in the centre of the "Merk'ry."

"I never seen such a careless critter as you be in all my days!" she exclaimed—"but let be, let be, 'spot past one.'"

"An' who was that one?" the stranger asked with considerable evident interest.

"It might 'a' been Silas Green, but it wasn't, it was my grandson, Arthur."

The man laughed.

"Strange," he exclaimed

"How so, if you please?" demanded Aunt Amy, looking ruefully at the "Merk'ry."

"You'd think a feller with such a nice name 'ud be mighty perky and particular—now wouldn't ye? I'll leave it to the company."

"Well," and he old thrifled as he wiped some of the mud from the paper with a convenient rag—"I don't have no call to make no fun o' the name. I named the boy myself an' I named 'im after Charles Dickens."

"How was that?" asked the stranger and Uncle Bile waited for Aunt Amy's answer with a grin of amusement.

"'Cause Charles Dickens is a great author. Why, I've been sendin' every week to get some o his stories in the Merk'ry."

Wouldn't he be pretty slow for the Merk'ry" asked Barry, laughing. "His kind o' stories don't jog along fast enough for that paper."

"Maybe that's the reason he ain't in it. Then, reulled Aunt Amy as if her feelings had been deeply wounded, "I'll answer you when Merk'ry stories do loge along right speedy. Have you ever read Dickens' Old Knight o' the Criss-Cross; or, The Flamin' Sword of Seville?"

"I've heerd tell of it."

"Well, the beginnin' of that story was at a quiet little village an' the boy was born the next mornin' everybody in it was lyin' dead or lined up in the graveyard. It's jis' made to order for it was a-goin' in the paper sixteen weeks."

"Silas must 'a' been a busy day for the undertaker an' the minister in Seville," said the stranger with a grim attempt at humor. "I eat now?" He ended with a hearty laugh.

"Well, I don't reckon you'll git anything to eat in the Merk'ry," Barry answered as gittin' dey," snapped Aunt Amy. "D'ye think ye can come in here an' break up my home an' then set right down an' eat the pieces. I guess not. My father fit in the revolution an the war of 1812 an' the Mexican war an', the druttel rebel war—consarn 'em—I'm a free born American an' I'll stand for quite everythin' an don't ye forgit it. If ye can't git a-plenty to eat, I'll be astonished at all I've got to say. Do ye mind what Lord Lumpkin said to Sir Rogarly Plangyin in the Kingt fight—Dan Marr, or, Beautiful Elfrida and the Knight o' the Red Spear' by Dr. Robinson Crusoe? Well, I'll tell ye. Lord Lumpkin he and fret me not, or by yon crescent moon I'll know the reason why,' an, according to the story, Sir Rogerly Plangyin examined without any unseemly delay. Ye can do the same to me an' I'll stand by ye. Ye're welcome due to a lady o' the old Bostonmass school."

"Excuse me, madam," the stranger said, bowing low before her and extending his hand for the paper. "I'm sorry for what I done. I'll replace the Merk'ry for ye an' hang it up to dry, that is if you'll allow."

"Well, I guess I may put the paper behind her. "I'll jist tend to it myself. You set down or git out, jist as ye please an' I'll git ye a bite to eat. Silas, I'll leave your me tell ye ... Silas prides himself on bein' a natral born judge of men, an' he's pride myself on bein' a natral born lady, an' that's better, by gosh!"

Aunt Amy arose from her indignant seat and with portentously to remove from the printed sheet such mud as still adhered to it. She was equally conscious of the amusement of the two guests and to the evident disgust of Uncle Bile, the former turned upon Zeke Stebbins and Barry More, who regarded him curiously. Constable Prim advanced toward him

"And so you're Eb Nickerson's spook, are ye? Sare ye don't live round these parts?"

"No, I don't. My name is Fox—Dick Fox."

"Dick Fox."

"That's it."

"Short name for such a long chap," rolled out Aunt Amy. "Not quite so proper fe. I should call you Arthur's name."

What ye from?" pursued Prim. "I'm the constable for these parts an' its my business to find out about all strangers."

"That's just what you ought to do," replied the man with a laugh. "I come from Dick Fox Pa."

"I can't see ag," said the constable thoughtfully. "What d'ye come from, stranger?"

"Find out," snapped Fox. "You're paid for that kind of work."

Maybe I will." Prim jerked out. "Maybe I will."

"All right, the ...head." was the stranger's quick answer "I'm with goin, how long is the lady likely to be ... ing?"

"Hard to tell. She's holding the Merk'ry up by the fire to dry now. It'll take her a day for it to dry. Then if she don't go to readin' it she'll likely give ye something to chew on. What she's concerned, stranger—Mr. Fox—He is a wise to wait or sit the worst of it."

As Uncle Bile ceased speaking, Aunt Amy came toward them, holding the paper spread out before her, all at arm's length.

So, that ... she said spitefully, "the mud's all off an the paper's dried, but, spite of all that I could do, the marks than yet. Shall I tell ye a little story that's in my grandson Arthur's reader? Its right to the moral point.

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

"Is it long?" asked Fox.

"No."

"Go on, then."

"Once on a time," began Aunt Amy, "a gentleman had a little boy. He was a very high-toned gentleman—"

"Then it must 'a' been all right," commented Fox, "if so, please."

"Don't interrupt me ag'in. The gentleman had been lyin' to teach the little boy that he couldn't never do nothin' bad an' entirely conceal it. The boy didn't b'lieve that. So the gent give the boy a hammer an' some nails an' requarted him to the outside o' the barn. 'Now, Robert,' he said—all them good meanin' little boys what named Robert—'now, Robert,' he said, 'you take the hammer an' drive all them nails into the side o' the barn an' leave the heads stickin' out a little bit.' The boy obeyed. 'Now, Robert,' said the high-toned gentleman, 'take the claw-side o' the hammer—did I tell ye that was a claw-side o' the hammer, Mr. Fox?'—'an' pull all the nails right out.' The good little boy obeyed an' then he stood back an' looked at the side o' the barn, the gent watched him with great interest. 'Darn it, dad,' said the good little boy, 'jest see them nail holes.' That was what the elegant, high-toned gentleman from Cincinnati wanted the boy to see. 'Yes,' he said, 'the marks o' the nails remain an' so, my son, do the marks o' yer bad deeds.' And so, Mr. Fox, do the marks o' yer own bad deed—je can't never

"DO YE MIND WHAT LORD LUMPKIN SAID TO SIR ROGERLY FLANY-GIN?"

get 'em offin the paper. Is the moral p'int quite plain to ye, Mr. Fox?"

"That's another moral to it, madam," said the stranger, dryly.

"An' what can it be?" asked Aunt Amy, wonderingly.

"That's a darn sight darker deeds 'n mine recorded in that sheet."

"Maybe that is, Mr. Fox, but I don't know what yer darn deeds. Would ye feel more on'asie if I—"

"Yes, I would."

"Then I low legs under the table them, an' I'll git some slopjacks a bakin', I don't s'pose them two ravenous fellers has left anythin' to soak of."

Dick Fox obeyed, smiling, and Zeke Stebbins observed that the stranger should give a better account of himself, for he was determined to question him as he ate.

CHAPTER X.

A BAFFLING CUSTOMER.

Zeke Stebbins' long experience as an apple tree agent had given him a good deal of persuasiveness and volubility and had made him suspicious to snubs and rebuffs that would have angered and disheartened most men. He was delicate about asking strangers the most impertinent questions and he approached Mr. Fox full of confidence that he would be able easily to induce him to give up the most intimate details of his career.

Aunt Amy had poured out some coffee for the stranger and he was spreading some gravy on some buckwheat cakes. Zeke observed him narrowly near him and made some more or less pertinent remarks about the weather.

"I reckon you're right," assented Fox good-humoredly enough, smiling over at Constable Dick, who had sat down on the outside step and was talking in low tones to the boy from Bow Bells, who was sitting sturdily in front of the two. "I reckon you're right, but what of it? We can't help it or change it. Even the almanac man make a bad guess of it sometimes in tryin' to prognosticate it."

"Oh, they do, eh?" It was Aunt Amy who spoke. She threw her revered astronomical almanac on the floor's tap. "I reckon you'll change yer ideas when ye look at that sighing-sheet's work. Thar, Mr. Fox, is an almanac that is as almanacs."

"I probably its as good as the best of 'em, Mrs. Green, an' no better. Let's see." He turned the leaves of the thin volume rapidly. "Let's see. Here's today—ye can see the date —an' it says 'high winds an' deep snow.' The winds must be so high that they go right over us, for we don't feel the house rockin' do we? An' the deep snow must be 'way underground, for we don't have to shovel it or wade in it, do we? What d'ye think o' that, Mrs. Green? Is this astronomical almanac a work of the imagination like the romances in the Mer'k'y? Maybe that prognosticatin' scientist has mlaued 'is mind ra11in,' an his place is really in the paper. All the Hars don't write novels, Mrs. Green—I've found that out by bitter experience, an' I'm informed that most novelists stick pretty close to the truth in ordinary conversation."

"Humph! I reckon its little you know, Mr. Fox, about them favored sons o' the gods, 'n' the less you say about it the more sense you'll show. As to the astronomical almanac, can't ye understand it has to be made for the hull kentry? D' ye s'pose they're goin' to git out a sep'rate almanac for every township from Skowhegan, Maine, to Saukdown, Missoury? They couldn't do that, nohow. Somewhere on earth today the snow's deep an' somewhere thar's a high wind. The sighingthink man is right. You're a jog'rant scoffer, Mr. Fox, that's what you be an' you'd show brains to shut up. Now, Mr. Fox, what d'ye think the court jester said to the high and noble Duke De Moreeno in 'The Lattery of Death; or, The Weepin' Widow of Wildemore?' Why, Mr. Fox, he said idiots stamp round whar wise men don't want to poke in thar noses; an' he was right—dead right. If any o' them truthful romances ever talk about you in everyday conversation, I allow they won't say nothin' complimentary enough to make ye sick."

Zeke had not liked this, or his irrelevant interruption; but he had waited with all the patience he possessed and when Aunt Amy became silent, evidently exhausted, and snatched the almanac from Fox's hand and hung it up again, he leaned toward the stranger and said:

"Mighty queer old soul."

"Who?" asked Fox imperturbably.

"Ut—y, Aunt Amy—Mrs. Green."

"I noticed it," said Fox.

"I s'pose so?"

Then, for a moment, Zeke was silent. He felt that he had not made a good beginning. As for Fox, he ate in silence. Zeke became ill at ease.

"Say, Mr. Fox," he began, then paused.

"At your service, Mr. Stebbins."

"Stebbins," corrected Zeke.

"Well, Stebbins then—all the same to me."

"I'm from Morgue Corners, Mr. Fox—I d' Barry. May I ask where you come from?"

"I s'pose ye may, Mr. Stebbins."

Zeke waited, watching Fox take another griddlecake, put gravy on it and begin to eat it, and expected that the stranger would give him the information he sought. But Fox seemed to have forgotten everything but his food.

"Well?" suggested the apple tree man insinuatingly.

"Pretty well, thank ye," replied Fox. "Had a bad cold an' a fetch o' the rheumatism a while back, but I took Dr. Ostrander's Curemalo an' it fixed me right up. A wonderful remedy that. Mr. Stebbins. The doctors say the gravel-gravel and the pain is because its bound to drive 'em out o' business, but I'm sure the world is better for it."

Zeke was getting on badly, but his nerve was not broken. He was on the point of making another attack on Fox when Aunt Amy stepped between him and his somewhat baffling victim and said eagerly:

"Say, mister, will that med'cine cure neurolgy?"

"Curemalo 'll cure the most obstinate case

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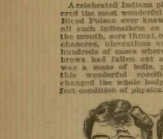

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Eb Nickerson's Spook.

(Continued.)

of neurasky, no matter how long seated. In a very short space o' time. Sometimes one dose cures, sometimes two doses are called for, as that's no case that can continue after dose number three gits in its work." declared Mr. Fox oracularly. "Curemallo cures by removin' the cause of all disease. That done, the disease has nothin' to feed on an' has to git right out o' the system. Then too, the cure is always permanent. You don't need to stay around. My daughter read some o' the testimonials, madam. Look at this." Fox drew a handful of circulars from his pocket and handed one to Aunt Amy and gave one to each of the others in the room.

"Read, ponder an' reflect. Take Curemallo an' git well. Wait a minit—dih I can go out to my saddle-bags." Fox ran out and Zeke had only time to ejaculate: "A medicine peddler, by gracious! Well—by gum!" before the stranger returned and held a large, circular-wrapped bottle out toward Aunt Amy, saying:

"Here you are, madam. Cost's naught. Only a daughter read some o' the testimonials, madam. Look at this." Fox drew a handful of circulars from his pocket and handed one to Aunt Amy and gave one to each of the others in the room.

"Read, ponder an' reflect. Take Curemallo an' git well. Wait a minit—dih I can go out to my saddle-bags." Fox ran out and Zeke had only time to ejaculate: "A medicine peddler, by gracious! Well—by gum!" before the stranger returned and held a large, circular-wrapped bottle out toward Aunt Amy, saying:

"Here you are, madam. Cost's naught. Only a dollar, please."

"What do I want that for?" asked the old woman curiously.

"To cure your neurasky, of course."

"But I ain't got no neurasky."

"Then some friend, perhaps?"

"Not exactly—ye see, Mr. Street an' gentle Lady Anice, in 'A Bride's Tribulations; or, A True Heart Tried by Fire,' has been sufferin' from it for six or eight weeks now. If the story should end before she hears o' Curemallo she'll never git over it. Read that circular—she lives at Pemberton Manor, England. Curemallo is highly recommended by several distinguished doctors in England, one o' 'em, Sir Archibald Bubb, M. D., physician to the queen."

"One on you, Mr. Fox—ha—ha—ha!"

Zeke slapped Fox on the back.

"Oh, don't get mad. I'm a travlin' man myself, Mr. Fox—all in the family, ye know—ye're welcome."

"Well, likely ye can sell some trees to set out, stranger—ye're welcome to my surplus." answered Fox good humoredly. "But, all jokin' aside, lady and gents an' little boy, Curemallo is a good medicine, an' Sir Archibalvis' a depressin' effect on the graveyard business. Everybody's dyin' off. Only about two on hand for time o' need."

"I reckon that's right, Mr. Fox," said Zeke frankly. "Is it by the quantity, Mr. Fox?"

"I should say 'tis."

"Does it set down sixty per cent?" Zeke whispered. "If it don't, I might put ye in the apple tree line. Confidential, ye know, Mr. Fox."

"Thank ye, Mr. Stebbins, but ev'ry man to his business. I'm a peddler, an' you're a farmer an' I do pretty well with the remedy."

"You don't sell the land, then?" from Mr. Fox," said Zeke, now feeling that he had a right to look for courtesy from a fellow missionary whom he had helped to success.

"No, I didn't, did I? But what's the use? was Fox's smiling reply. "You know now it's from ev'rywhere, goin' but anywhere. Ain't that enough, Mr. Stebbins? Take a map o' the United States and 'close an' look at it. That's what I've been—that's what I'm goin'. That's where ev'rybody's started when I got thar first an' no cemetery ever flourished what I introduced Curemallo thoroughly an' systematically."

"But we're curious about ye, Mr. Fox," ex-plained Zeke. "I reckon we'd like to know o' us 'ud a swore ye was Eb Nickerson's spook."

"Eb Nickerson?"

The stranger spoke the name under his breath.

"Did ye know 'im?" asked Zeke.

"Eb Nickerson?"

"Yes."

"Did he look like me?" asked Fox.

"Ex-actly!" exclaimed Zeke.

The characters of this interesting story will appear in further chapters of the next issue of Ledger. Readers will do well to follow and see what happens them. Cameras and patterns are given free to all subscribers as advertised on pages thirteen and fifteen.

THE TORNADO JUDICIAL.

Back in the early summer of 1893 two men were sitting on one cabin door in their new homes. They had been sitting there for some months—in fact, ever since the opening of that particular day, at high noon. Each man from that had attended the opening one man had staked out the section he had claimed first at the land office and filed a claim to it the other man had before attempting to occupy it. Thus arose a controversy such as was matched by hundreds of others in different parts of the territory.

The two men had entrenched themselves and watched each other with rifles in their hands for the first few days. Then one built a fire of sticks and proposed a temporary compromise. The terms of this compromise were that a line was to be run across each quarter section, and that each was to keep to his respective side of the line. Each was to build himself a comfortable shanty and put in crops with the understanding that both crops and shanty should be left to the final owner of the section when the case came to be decided by the United States land and ruling courts of law. The fact that each permitted the other to do this was not to prejudice the case of either when it finally came up in the court, and it was understood that if either one ventured over the boundary line the other was at liberty to have recourse to the shotgun.

Thus the matter stood for some months, and each man kept a sharp eye on the shack of his neighbor and left his loaded shotgun within easy reach. Then, one day, when the sun beat down with a scalding heat that made ploughing impossible, a strong wind blew up—a wind that seemed to blow out of the very mouth of Inferno.

Great masses of clouds, swiftly shifting and changing hue, now black, now purple, now greenish-yellow, rolled up in the southwest. The farmers that had come from Kansas and Missouri retired to their cellars, if they possessed such luxuries, and the tenderfeet got out their cameras and prepared to photograph the wonderful cloud effects. The clouds shut out the sun, and there arose a subdued murmur that developed first into a tremendous hissing and then into a sullen roar.

Then out of the dark cloud masses came a wonderful pillar, a dusty-gray column that looked like the lower end of a gigantic balloon. The column was indistinct at first, but it advanced across the prairies with the speed of an express train and as it came nearer and nearer the hissing sound increased to a roar that was like a hundred Niagaras.

Smith, the man who occupied one side of the dead line on the disputed quarter section, was a southerner, Robert Mitscurl. When he saw the shape of the yellow balloon tail he called to his wife and then made a run for a little hole he had dug in his front yard. They let themselves in and closed the trap door that covered it, and then both lay low, waiting for the shock they knew was coming.

Jones, on the other side of the line, saw these maneuvers but, being from eastern Pennsylvania, he thought such a lie neighbor might be intending to reopen hostilities, and so he took down his shotgun and sat in his shack, with his aiming eye and his trigger cocked toward the dead line.

The roaring that came from the approaching column increased in intensity; the earth trembled; the air was filled with a blasting noise. Suddenly day was blotted out and Hades was let loose. Smith and his wife could hear each other not think, but they instinctively tried to hold on to the very earth beneath them, which seemed to be hurled up into the air and whirled about like a scrap of paper.

In a few minutes the roaring sound began to lessen, the reeling earth became still again, and Smith and his wife knew that the storm had passed. They heard falling on the trapdoor. After fifteen minutes of steaming Smith cautiously raised the door and peered out. The rain had slackened to a steady downpour.

Smith looked about him. There stood his shack undisturbed. His cotton and corn had suffered only from a few inches of rain. Then he looked over beyond the dead line and gave a great shout. Jones had disappeared, so had his shack; so had his wagon and tools, and the shed where he had kept his team.

There was a broad, smooth track across the prairie where these had stood—a track from which every vestige of wood had been swept as though an army of Kansas grasshoppers had passed over it.

Some men would have sat down to think over their losses; Smith was not one of them. He did not. He hurried out his mules, hitched up his plough and began to plough on the back claim, while his wife stood guard with the gun to await Jones' return. Smith was going to establish his claim by actual occupation then and there, but he might have spared his haste, for Jones never came back and nothing was heard of him for several weeks. Then Smith received a letter dated from a town forty miles away in an adjoining county. The letter read:

"Dear Sir—I write to let you know that you can have that —— farm all to yourself, for I will never come back to it, that —— cyclone or make any fight in the court. When the storm struck me that day I felt as though I was flying up and apart, like a bag of feathers, and that was the last I knew until I came to about six miles from here with part of my own front porch heaped on top of me. A fellow from here along with dug me out. I found I had nothing broken except one rib. I found one of my mules close by, still tied to the scantling to which he had been hitched, and the other one I found dead one day about three miles away. They weren't hurt, so I have my team and myself, and there is a man here who owns the mules and wagon and hasn't been heard of, so I have taken that. I'll stay here with my mules and look around along. Then you may hear from me in Arkansas, or Illinois, or Tennessee. Hoping you are still there, I am, respectfully,

"J. JONES."

This is a cyclone story that can be verified, for Smith filed the letter with the court in establishing his claim to the entire section. For that reason the story is worth repeating. Besides, it is the only one that would attract much attention out in the cyclone country, because that is the only case on record where the storm usurped the functions of judge and jury.—Ainslee's.

His Private Opinion.

Little Willie—Pa, is it true that a man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still?

Pa—I guess it is, my son.

Little Willie—And does it apply to women, also, pa?

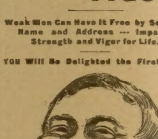
Pa—Certainly not, Willie. It is simply impossible to convince a woman against her will.

"The accumulation of money is merely a habit —that's all.

GIVES INSTANT VIGOR.

Weak Men Can Have It Free by Sending Name and Address — Imparts Strength and Vigor for Life.

YOU Will Be Delighted the First Day.



"Feels so Good to be My Old Self Again."

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from sexual weakness, lost vitality, nervousness, lack of vigor, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and vigor, simply send your name and address to Prof. A. W. Knapp, 2702 Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and he will send you by the free receipt with full directions so any man may cure himself at home quickly.

He has discovered combined with several well-known herbs, that if you are weak, have shrunken organs or slight losses, write at once as the remedy will give instant relief. You will feel stronger and vigorous from the very start. This is certainly a most generous offer, and the following, taken from Dr. Knapp's daily mail shows what men think of his generosity:

"Dear Dr. Knapp—The result could not have been better. I received a warm feeling, as of returning life, an exquisite experience of receiving power, the first day I used your treatment, and I cannot withhold an expression of gratitude to you for having thus led me to the way of restoration. Knowing that others are suffering as I was, I believe it my duty to let my fellow-men know of your supreme gift. I would say that nothing can be of more service to a weakened man than your prescription."—Name given.

PRETTY and Respectable Blondes and Brunettes will find Rough, Kurly Hair, Pad-partings, Photos, Descriptions, etc. Free for stamp. (Sealed.) W. Marshall, New York Box, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPANISH Needles Rob, Goldenseers of hunting gold, silver and hidden treasures; our instruments are the best; catalogue free. R. C. STRATTON, Box 2, W. Hartford, Pa.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MYSELF CURED I will gladly inform any sufferer how I was cured of COCAINE, MORPHINE, OPIUM and LAUDANUM, of a never-failing painless home cure. Address DR. E. E. BALDWIN, Box 3, Jacksonville, Ills.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE A 14 k GOLD FILLED INITIAL RING

If sending 10c. to cover cost of postage and packing for our new 32 page illustrated catalogue of Fine Cut Glass. Premium offered when you order goods from it. Write to-day. Initial is handsomely engraved and guaranteed correct. Send carved, finely designed, hand-engraved ring size. Address with 10c. and we will send ring by return mail. Premium Co., Attleboro, Mass.

The initial is hand engraved on a ring of solid gold and will outwear the ring. Send size of finger when ordering.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Stricture

CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

GRAN-SOLVENT CURATORS will dissolve, digest and forever remove Strictures in 15 days, painlessly.

ENLARGED PROSTATE GLAND, strengthened and restored to normal. Forever stopping Drains and Emissions.

Cures are instant at night and dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. No round about poor work or stomach drugging, but a direct, local application to the entire Urethral tract. VARICOCELE is also cured permanently. Varicocele is appalled by restoring healthy circulation through the Prostate Gland.

VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED TREATISE FREE.

ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N, 19 St. James Building, - Cincinnati, Ohio

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SPECIAL PREMIUM This advertisement entitles the person answering to a beautiful present of a piece of JEWELRY about the size of a SILVER DOLLAR, such as RINGS, WATCH CHAIN and CHARM, SINGLE BROOCH or LACE PIN, LOCKET, Etc. One of these beautiful prizes will be sent free, safe delivery guaranteed, to every one sending a club of one yearly subscription to Boyce's Monthly at 10 cents each, the usual premium list price of which is 25 cents each. Send 10 cents for sample copy and premium list. Address Boyce's Monthly, Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

SPECIAL OFFER If you will raise a club of two yearly subscribers to Boyce's Monthly at the special price of 10 cents each we will send you our choice of one of the premiums shown above. Address BOYCE'S MONTHLY, BOYCE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Reading.

This is not an essay on the pleasures of reading, or a lecture on the lines of reading most beneficial. Our times are greatly changed, but the days are not yet far distant when it was thought quite unwise for girls or women to read much or to care for reading. It was supposed to make one neglect housekeeping and other duties; and to be a great reader or a writer—a "blue-stocking"—was a reproach. But reading is no longer thought a waste of time. Only get the most and the best for your reading, girls. When you take up a book, regard it as a stranger; when you put it down as a friend. Regard it as a friend—if it is worth it. Learn its name and who wrote it and who published it. Then see you can learn something of the life of the author. There are rather fair cuts of men and women of prominence in the papers nowadays and it adds much to my pleasure to paste a cut of a new author in a book if it is my own, and sometimes to write under it dates or incidents of the life or circumstances under which that particular book was written. It impresses both the book and its writer upon one. At least your first care should be to know in whose company you are about to spend your time.

A real book lover will handle a book carefully, not bend the cover back until it cracks, or turn down the leaves to mark their place; it is good mental training to remember the number of the page; or lay the book face downward on table or chair. Take the same care of a book you do of any other of your valuable possessions.

Read novels? Yes, indeed; and just as carefully and thoughtfully as any work of science. I have heard it said that from English and American novels the ordinary reader could construct the entire history of the English-speaking peoples from beginning to end. But do not make all your reading novels or your mind will fail, after a time, to grasp matters written in other than an imaginative style. Courses of reading taken up with friends are most helpful; and do not neglect papers and magazines.

Many a college graduate renounces a career for the purpose of tackling a steady job.

Beautiful Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

The patterns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. They comprise the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of material. They sell from the stores from twenty-five to fifty cents each. Full instructions are printed on every pattern. Three months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 25 cents and any TWO of these patterns FREE. Six months' subscription to the CHICAGO LEDGER for 50 cents and FIVE of these patterns FREE. Take this to without equal. If you are wise you will take advantage of it at once.

REMEMBER, to avoid mistakes, you must first give the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give bust measure for waist, or waist measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do so better order is impossible. Order what is wanted for you. Also, do not fail to enclose money.

PATTERN DEPT. CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4014 GRADUATED FLOUNCE SKIRT 22 - 30 WAIST

4007 7-GORED PETTICOAT 22-30 WAIST

3999 SHIRT WAIST 32 - 40 BUST

4003 FANCY BLOUSE 32-40 BUST.

4018 FANCY BLOUSE 32 TO 40 BUST

3996 GRLS. COSTUME 6-12 YEARS.

4013 FANCY WAIST 32-40 BUST

4017 ETON BLOUSE 32-40 BUST.

3997 ETON JACKET 32-40 BUST

4011 LOUIS XVI COAT 32 - 40 BUST

4012 EVENING WAIST 32-40 BUST.

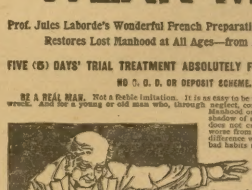
3998 HOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST

WEAK MEN

Prof. Jules Laborde's Wonderful French Preparation of "CALTHOS"
Restores Lost Manhood at All Ages—from 20 to 80 Years.

FIVE (5) DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT ABSOLUTELY FREE BY SEALED MAIL.
NO C. O. D. OR DEPOSIT SCHEME.

BE A REAL MAN. Not a feeble imitation. It is as easy to be manly, as a feeble, unmanned wreck. And for a young or old man who, through neglect, continues to suffer from Lost Manhood or Varicocele, there is not the shadow of an excuse. Instead of Weakness these days it grows rapidly worse from week to week. It makes no difference what caused your weakness—bad habits in youth, excess, overwork or business troubles—



CALTHOS

the marvelous French remedy, will cure you, and cure you, and failure on your part to be a *real man* is inexcusable.

Prof. Laborde, through The Von Mohl Co., one of the largest, richest and most responsible business firms in the United States, offers all sufferers from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele, Small Organs, Weakness of any kind in the nerves or sexual organs to give "CALTHOS" a *five days' trial free of charge.* The five days' free treatment will be sent to you in a sealed package, by mail, absolutely free of all expenses. No inducements will be asked for the package. Remember, the natural force of its properties. They won't write you for a deposit, or send the package C. O. D.

You will find new vigor in your nerves, renewed vim in your muscles, the exhilaration of new blood in your veins and steadier strength in your nerves.

All correspondence relating the CALTHOS branch of their business is confidential, and is kept separate and distinct from their general business. Do not delay. Each day your condition grows worse. Address application for trial treatment, etc., to

THE VON MOHL COMPANY, 651 B, Cincinnati, O. Largest Importers of Standard Proprietaries in the United States.

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CASH FOR BRAINS

$500.00 For a NAME

For this Giant Tree TOMATO A VEGETABLE WONDER

Grows to a height of 16 or 18 feet and produces hundreds of enormous size, often weighing 3 to 5 pounds each. Flavor excellent. Nothing like it has ever been produced in this land of ours. A few plants will keep a whole family supplied the whole season. Will grow anywhere. Can be grown in pots or tubs.

The original Stock Seed costs $1.00 a packet. It is a variety no family should fail to have in their garden. We will pay

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

for the name, ending in the name which we will select and adopt for this famous wonder, as offered above. We now call it "Giant Tree" simply because of the bold, upgrowth and immense size of the fruit.

We want a new name for it, one that will attract attention. A name different from that of any other variety. Think it over and suggest a name. You may strike just the right thing, and if you do we will gladly pay you $500.00 for it.

We will go over all the names sent in and choose one we think best suited for the Giant Tree, and whoever has sent in the name adopted will be entitled to the prize. In case two or more should send in the same name which we may adopt, or two that the $500.00 will be equally divided among the fortunate ones.

FREE Seeds

VARIETIES

FLOWER China Asters, Balsam, Margaret Carnation, Batchelor's Button, Sweet Alyssum, Pansy, Phlox Drummondi, Portulacca, Nigella Damascena, Nasturtium, Dwarf, Tall and Climbing, Petunias, Sweet Peas, Verbena, Zinnia, Love in the Mist, Poppy, Mignonette, Gilliflower, Ornamental Kale, Scarlet Runner, Pole Bean, Cosmos, Coreopsis, Lobelia, Dwarf Nasturtium, Calliopsis, Cypress Vine, Morning Glory, Sweet Alyssum, Candytuft, Larkspur, Sweet Scabious, Forget-me-not, Ageratum, Double Daisy, Double Stock, Double Balsam, Double Zinnia, Double Petunia, Double Portulacca, Double Pink, Double Aster, Double Balsam, Double Poppy, Double Sweet Alyssum, Double Sweet Pea, Double Nasturtium, Double Verbena, Double Phlox Drummondi, Double Mignonette, Double Gilliflower, Double Candytuft, Double Larkspur, Double Sweet Scabious, Double Forget-me-not, Double

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

A Warm Welcome.

Old sport was General Kilpatrick's favorite war horse. After the war the general was sent to South America. He left the old horse at the farm, with orders that he should be kindly cared for. Returning after an absence of several years, the general reached home near night, and was for some time occupied in exchanging greetings with his family and friends. He did not, however, long neglect to inquire after the old horse. Learning that Spot was at pasture in a distant field, the general sent for him, and a little later was told that his favorite stood tied to a post at the entrance of the grounds some distance away. The general hastened out onto the piazza, whence, peering through the evening, he saw the form of the old veteran who stood demurely gnawing at the post. Just one word, Spot! rang out over the lawn. Like an echo came back the answering neigh. With a snort and a bound the old charger snapped the halter, cleared the fence at a leap, and with arched neck and ears proudly erect, he stood by the piazza, where with joyful whinny he laid his head on his master's shoulder. Added the general: "We hugged and caressed each other like lovers, and I am not ashamed to say that no welcome I received that day warmed my heart more than that of old Spot."

Immortal Raphael.

Raphael, the artist, was so conscientious in everything he did that he could not be induced to do anything half-way, even for temporary use. His famous "Sistine Madonna," which has been the admiration of the world, and which the great art-critics of the century have classed among the few masterpieces pictured in existence, was painted for temporary use—for a banner to be carried at the head of a procession. Millions of dollars would not buy this banner today, because Raphael put the best of genius into it; he put immortality into it, because he painted it just as well as he knew how, even though it was for temporary use. And today, in Rome, even in the corners of the Vatican, high up on the ceiling where no one is supposed to ever look for its existence, the traveler finds the same perfect drawing, the same perfection of finish as in his great masterpieces. Everything Raphael did, he did for immortality; half-done work cannot be found in any of his pictures. It would take many millions of dollars to buy his works, today, not only because he transferred all genius to the canvas, in a masterly way, but because the minutest detail is finished with the same exquisite pains as attended the chief figures.

Graveyard of the Atlantic.

Situated about sixty miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, and surrounded by many dangerous shoals, is Sable Island, called "the graveyard of the Atlantic." It often lurks invisible in the track of westward bound ships, wrapped in the fog which at times enshrouds the shores north of the Bahamas. It is now proposed to erect a lighthouse in it with trees, in the hope of binding its shifting sands together. Some 60,000 trees, comprising 40,000 evergreens, such as spruce, pine and juniper, have been planted and watered, there the life-saving stations, supplied with lifeboats and excellent apparatus, and the population, composed of the men employed on this service, with their wives and families, number forty-five. The funds are supplied by the dominion government. Shelter huts have been erected for all shipwrecked people, and a large store of food is always kept on hand.

And the Boys Were Glad.

Sir Courtney Boyle was one of the best dinner companions imaginable. He had more stories than would fill half a dozen big volumes. One of them was of a stranger who called at a poulterer's shop for some turkeys. "Some are large and some are middling," he queried of the shopman, who admitted the soft impeachment. "I suppose there is a difference in the price?" the customer remarked, only to be informed the supposition was wrong. "I 'ave to keep a 'o-boys' school," he said. "Would you mind picking out the tough cocking one?" The shopman with a wink, separated the tough ones from the tender ones and, once more the customer asked if no difference could be made in the price. The poulterer was very sorry it was impossible—but he was sorry, too, no doubt, when the customer said: "Then I'll take the tender ones."

Can Eagles Be Tamed?

There are a few cases in which eagles have been made pets, so that we may suppose that if the birds were caught young they could be tamed at least as easily as bears. An Italian eagle, taken from the nest, accepted caresses, answered to a call, and did not try to fly away when at liberty. At Java there used to be an eagle kept on a chain, which shows, perhaps, that it could not be trusted to roam about the Cobbe. A golden eagle, caught when fully grown, was somewhat easily domesticated, but its wings were cut when it was first taken, and so it had time to get accustomed to its new home and new life. Sometimes it went off for two or three weeks, but always came back. It was fed on crows, shot for it. Whenever it attempted to seize a crow on its own account it always failed, "Jim" being much too artful a dodger.

Marriageable Age in Various Lands.

In Germany a "man," in order to marry must be at least 18 years of age. In Portugal a boy of 14 is considered marriageable and a "woman" of 12. In Greece the "man" must have seen at least 14 summers and the "woman" 12. In France the "man" must be 18 and the "woman" 15. In Belgium the same ages. In Spain the intended husband must have passed the fourteenth and the "woman" her twelfth. In Switzerland "men," from the age of 14 and "women" from the age of 12 are allowed to marry. In Austria a "man" and a "woman" are supposed to be capable of consenting to the choice of one's own from the age of 14. In Turkey any youth and maiden who can make property and can understand the necessary religious service are allowed to be united for life.

A Mexican Curiosity.

One of the curiosities of Mexico is a natural bridge of growing vines. It is in a dense woods, and around it on all sides are shrubs of various kinds. The vines, which are thick and strong, form a natural roadway over a stream, and are so firmly secured on either side that a passenger may avail himself of them without risk. It has, of course, taken time to produce a bridge of this kind, but, unlike other bridges, this one instead of growing weaker every year grows stronger, for the vines are alive and their strength and tenacity increase as they grow.

A BUDDING DIPLOMAT.

Ethel (aged six)—I don't love you any more, grandpa.
Grandpa—Why not, Ethel?
Ethel—'Cause I love you so much already that I couldn't love you any more if I tried. Please give me five cents?

Swift Journey South.

It is said that the speed of swallows, when emigrating, is not less than fifty miles an hour, so that, when aided by the wind, they soon reach warmer latitudes. It has also been calculated that the swallow can fly at the rate of ninety-two miles an hour, and several other tribes at that of 130 miles an hour.

SIX SPLENDID PREMIUMS FREE

SPECIAL CLUB RATE FOR BOYCE'S MONTHLY 15 CENTS A YEAR.

HERE IS OUR OFFER

For ONE yearly subscription we will give choice of any one premium free.
For CLUB OF THREE yearly subscriptions we will give choice of any three premiums free.
For CLUB OF SIX yearly subscriptions we will give the entire set of six premiums free.
You must collect and send us 15 cents for each yearly subscription. We prepay postage in every case. Read description under each premium. Address all subscriptions to BOYCE'S MONTHLY, Boyce Bldg., Chicago.

PREMIUM NO. 11.

These beautiful Panel Pictures, each about 30 inch on square of about 1800 square inches, are finely stamped on fine quality of art muslin. We have had the designs photographed, and the above pictures are reproduced from photographs of the finished work. The stamping is clear and bold and very attractive in that color, though you might use any color that you prefer. We have nearly each chair a different color. There are very easy to work and very inexpensive, and the effect is dainty and pleasing.

BOYCE'S MONTHLY

Is being greatly improved, extra pages, better matter, finer illustrations, more good reading matter, special features, and new departments added. We are going to make it the most wonderful and interesting 15 cent magazine in the world. Its circulation is now 1,000,000 copies a month—think of it. We want a lot of new subscribers. Anyone and everyone is hereby authorized to solicit subscribers. We will give premiums for one, three or six subscriptions at 15 cents each. If you want premiums for subscriptions, send for six subscribers at 15 cents each. We offer